Cambria Freeman.

H. A. SPIRE, Editor and Publisher.

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VOLUME 5. EBENSBURG, PA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1871. NUMBER 36.

THE GREAT

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HAVE NOW ON HAND

The Largest, Best Made AND MOST DURABLE Stock of Clothing

EVER KEPT IN JOHNSTOWN,

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MEN'S COATS, MEN'S PANTS, MEN'S VESTS;

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We have also constantly in stock a complete assortment of

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WHOLESALE DEALER IN

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WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,

FISH, SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,

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FEED AND PROVISIONS,

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Between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, as will all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices. To dealers I present the peculiar advantage of saving them all freight or drayage, as they are not required to pay freights from the principal cities and no drayage charges are made. Dealers may rest assured that my goods are of the best quality and at prices as moderate as city rates. By doing a cash, upright business, and by promptly and satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit a liberal patronage of retail dealers and others in Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. THOMAS CARLAND.

Altoona, July 29, 1869.-tf.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, IRON AND NAILS, CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE, WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE, PROVISIONS and F D, ALL KINDS,

together with all manner of Western Produce, FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, COAL OIL, &c., &c.

Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and at most reasonable terms.

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DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes,

AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES

Usually Kept in a Country Store.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS!

STORE ON MAIN STREET,

Next Door to the Post Office,

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R. J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. BUNN, Dealer in *Drugs, Medicines, Paints, &c.* Store on Main street, opposite the "Mansion House," Ebensburg, Pa.

October 17, 1867.-6m.*

1871. Fall Trade. 1871.

I am now prepared to offer

SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS

TO CASH PURCHASERS OF

TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE.

EITHER AT

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

My stock consists in part of every variety of

Tin, Sheet-Iron,

COPPER AND BRASS WARES,

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SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS &c.,

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HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,

EXCELSIOR COOKING STOVES,

NOBLE, TRIUMPH AND PARLOR COOKING STOVES.

And any Cooking Stove desired I will get when ordered at manufacturer's prices.—Old Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for repairs, on hand for the Stoves I sell; others will be ordered when wanted. Particular attention given to

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all of which will be made out of best materials and put up by competent workmen.

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WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

I would call particular attention to the Light House Burner, with Glass Cone, for giving more light than any other in use. Also, the Paragon Burner, for Crude Oil.

SUGAR KETTLES AND CAULDRONS

of all sizes constantly on hand.

Special attention given to

Jobbing in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron,

at lowest possible rates.

WHOLESALE MERCHANTS' LISTS

now ready, and will be sent on application by mail or in person

Hoping to see all my old customers and many new ones this Spring, I return my most sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage I have already received, and will endeavor to please all who may call, whether they buy or not.

FRANCIS W. HAY.

Johnstown, March 7, 1867.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

TO CASH CUSTOMERS!

AT THE EBENSBURG

HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a great reduction in prices to CASH BUYERS. My stock will consist, in part, of *Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves*, of the most popular kinds; *Tinware* of every description, of my own manufacture; *Hardware* of all kind, such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Table Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Pen and Pocket Knives in great variety, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops. Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Boring Machines, Augers, Chissels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax Bristles, Clothes Wringers, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Horse Nails, Horse Shoes, Cast Steel, Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, &c., Odd Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps and Tubing; *Harness and Saddlery Ware* of all kind; *Wooden and Willow Ware* in great variety; Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Glassware, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.

FAMILY GROCERIES,

such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples Fish, Hominy, Crackers, Rice and Pear Barley; Soaps, Candles; TOBACCO and CIGARS; Paint, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Dusting, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed Cords and Manilla Ropes, and many other articles at the lowest rates for CASH.

☞ *House Spouting* made, painted and put up at low rates for *cash*. A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware wholesale. GEO. HUNTLEY

Ebensburg, Feb. 28, 1867.-tf.

GEORGE W. YEAGER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

HEATING AND COOK STOVES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE

OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE,

And GENERAL JOBBER in SPOUTING

and all other work in his line.

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ALTOONA, PA.

The only dealer in the city having the right to sell the renowned "BARLEY SHEAF" COOK STOVE, the most perfect complete and satisfactory Stove ever introduced to the public.

STOCK IMMENSE. - PRICES LOW.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

BAND LEADERS.

For something interesting, send your address to GEORGE W. GATES, Frankfort, N. Y.

The Poet's Department.

Nature's "Various Language"—Interpreted by Deacon Adams.

I love to breathe the morning air
With balmy odors freighted,
When everything seems fresh and fair,
As if but just created.
Its healthful draughts inspire my soul
With sweetly solemn feeling—
Ho! John! git up and feed them pigs.
And stop their condemned squealing!

Above the rising sun, the clouds
Float just like golden fleeces—
The way wool lately has gone up,
Beats Natur' all to pieces:
Ten cents a pound, and how much higher
'Twill go there is no telling;
It makes me shiver when I think
How near I was to selling!

The diamond dew-drops gem the grass—
I'm under a mistake, or
That grass will cut at least as much
As two tons to the acre.
The clover, wooed by droning bees
Is lush with lucent honey—
There is no sweeter scent, to me,
Except the scent of money!

Along the tinkling meadow brook
The filmy mist is creeping,
While whispering winds through yonder wood,
Unseen, are softly sweeping.
I pitied Widow Brown's hard lot—
She suffered many woes, sure;
But her wood lot was mighty cheap:
I got it by foreclosure!

The happy birds, in tuneful notes,
Discourse melodious praises;—
Speaking of notes, I wonder why
Jake Thompson never pays his!
If Jacob beats me out of that
'Twill shake my faith in Heaven!
Just think of twenty five per cent.
Reduced to paltry seven!

The lowing cows the milkers call,
The milk white lambs are jumping—
I'll bring the milk cans 'round behind
The barn, and go to pumping!
For "stolen waters are most sweet"
Made into factory cheeses—
As cows decline, my short-horn pump
Its daily yield increases!

The soul must be quite lost and dead,
That cannot find in Natur'
Sufficient cause to glorify
The bounteous Creator!
The clouds, the sky, the dewspread grass,
The singing birds, the zephyr—
Hallo! what beast has broke in there?
'Tis Jones's pesky heifer.

Confound that tarnal heifer's hide!
I've a good mind to stone her;
But that won't pay. I'll shut her up
And sue her condemned owner!
No answer soft shall turn my wrath,
Nor cause me to forbear.
Ho! John and Jane! come hurry in;
'Tis time for morning prayer!

—Buffalo Courier. —FRANK CLIVE.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

ADVENTURES OF A DETECTIVE.

Many years ago, when western railroad travel was not the safest in the world, and when all moneys due from the east in payment for western produce had to be sent in cash by the mails, there occurred, not far from Chicago each time, several accidents in consequence of trains being thrown off the track, during which the mail cars were broken open and the bags robbed to a very large amount. The first of these accidents happened within six miles of the "Garden City," and was caused by the Michigan Southern running into the Illinois Central mail train, if I remember rightly, striking it at right angles, and not only cutting it into two parts, but making a wreck of both trains.

The loss in every way was large, and the conductor and engineer were killed on the spot—the former lying with his face upwards close to the mail car—which, it was after discovered, had been forced open and the gold and silver it contained carried off. Mr. Pinkerton, the great Western detective, who was then beginning one of the most remarkable and successful careers known to police history, was sent for to investigate the robbery, and he discovered upon the face of the dead conductor of the train the imprint of a nail head, such as was usually worn by English laborers in the soles of their heavy boots. He then examined the ground, and was lucky enough to find a complete imprint of the sole of the left boot, containing a double row of nails, all of which were exactly like that on the conductor's face. He also made another important discovery—that there were three nails wanting in the impress on the earth, showing that three must be also wanting on the sole of the boot that made it.

Mr. Pinkerton's theory so far, was this—that the robber was in so great a hurry to force open the mail car that he set his foot upon the face of the dead man without knowing it, and thinking, no doubt, that it rested upon the earth; and that one of the nails—"hob nails," he called them—having started from the leather, was more prominent than the rest, and so left its mark behind it, and with a secret clue for the detective. Unfortunately, before Pinkerton came on the ground, there had been so many people about that the earth was trodden down hard in the neighborhood of the calamity, and he had no chance of tracing the hob-nailed boot, and discovering its owner.

He had made some important discoveries, however, during this difficult investigation. He had found out that the robber, whoever he was, wore boots nailed with hob-nails in a peculiar form round the soles, with three nails missing; and that the boots were of English make, and the wearer of them, therefore, was probably an Englishman, and that the left boot had made the impression on the face of the dead conductor, and on the ground. This was all the clue that he had to the robber; but meagre as it was, he did not despair of hunting down the quarry. He did not believe, however, that the collision of the trains was purposely caused, but that it was an accident, and that the robbery was a sudden evil inspiration on the part of the robber.

Eighteen months passed away, and Pinkerton, always more or less on the watch, had well nigh forgotten the hob-nailed boots, when one fine morning he received a telegraphic dispatch which summoned him to another accident, which had just happened on the same railroad, within twelve miles of the city of Chicago. On his arrival he found a great concourse of persons, officers and men and passengers about the wreck, and he immediately ordered a rope to be payed out and guarded by the company's servants while he made an examination of the ground, and a search for the hob nailed boots, if, by any chance, they might figured upon this scene also. He first examined the locality where the obstruction was placed that overthrew the train, and, to his great joy and surprise, there was the old boot mark with the many hob-nails and a full impression also of the right foot.

Of course he said nothing, but began to make detours in all directions to see if he could pick up the retreating trail. He thought it most likely the man would go boldly towards the village after he had laid his trap, and so he hastened on till he came to a bit of grass leading to the main road on the heights above. Here he stumbled upon the footmark once more, and proceeded right and left upon line with this discovery, he found the advancing foot too. The grass, however, threw him off all further trail, but he had proved that the same man who had a hand in the previous robbery had planned the present disaster also; and, better still, that he came from and returned to the village. Owing to some accident elsewhere this train was late by several hours. It was an early morning train, and the design clearly was to throw it off the line and rob the mails, but it was defeated.

Mr. Pinkerton remained privately in the village, putting up at the chief hotel and passing for a salesman of dry goods, for several weeks, making observations and notes. He soon knew everybody in the place, and had not been there a week before he began to suspect a man who was then absent, but who, when in town, stopped at the hotel where he then lodged. A short time afterwards he returned, and Pinkerton found that he was an Englishman, and began to look for his cloven foot. But he did not wear it at the time he was introduced to him, and Pinkerton reasoned that such boots as those hob-nailed ones could only be in requisition in wet or dirty weather, and he began to pray that it might rain. He kept a severe and close watch upon the Englishman, and followed him always when he could do so without detection.

A fortnight passed away, and the Englishman began to exhibit signs of great uneasiness and unrest. He was always going out at night and Pinkerton was always following him, and his face was always turned toward the railroad, upon which he was sure to descend and make examinations of the road for about a mile and a half on both sides of the village.—One day he had received some letters from New York, and Pinkerton watched him more closely than usual. About a quarter of a mile from the village was a graveyard on a hill which commanded the railroad, and at dark the Englishman set out toward this wild and romantic spot, and Pinkerton after him. The night was cloudy, but every now and then the moon broke out and lighted up the lovely scenery.

To Pinkerton's amazement, he climbed the fence of the graveyard, and sat there looking toward the village, so that his "shadow" had to hide himself. Presently he jumped upon a grave, and strode along towards the middle of the cemetery, with Pinkerton still after him, behind the trees and grave-stones. He could hear him muttering to himself and occasionally talking aloud, and then he stole up to him as near as he dared, and managed at last to creep into a vaulted grave close to him, one of the side slabs of which had fallen down. The dew was heavy and the grass so surcharged with it that he was wet through; but kept on listening, and finally made out that he was reciting a soliloquy from Lord Byron's "Manfred," and occasionally gesticulating wildly to the moon. Was the man mad? What remorse had brought him here to vent itself in the terrible and dreadful lines of Manfred? At last he pulled out his watch and tried to make out the time.

Then he jumped over the fence and ran down to the railroad. He was evidently waiting for somebody. For whom? Time would show perhaps, for Pinkerton still followed him. Once he lost sight of him, then he fancied he heard voices, and hurried in the direction whence the sounds proceeded—and as he gained upon them he found that his man was returning. So he skulked again, and the man went over to the churchyard. Here he stopped several times and listened. What had he been doing? Had he laid another trap for the overthrow of another train? It was a dreadful thought; and as it struck him the due train was heard in the distance. On it came, and no one to warn the engineer of the possible danger. In another moment it rushed past them, and went thundering on in the darkness.

Then with all his soul in his ears did the detective listen, expecting a crash every moment. But it was not to be.—The man watched it as it fled past and then turned toward the village, and Pinkerton followed him back to the hotel. He was all this time in secret conference with the superintendent of the railroad, who lived near by. The next day when Pinkerton called on him, he showed him a letter which he had received from some one who said he knew the gang that had thrown the last train over—and that they wanted him to join them—their object being to cause more accidents before long. He offered, for a consideration, to join them and become spy upon their actions for the company.

Pinkerton advised the superintendent to employ the man, stipulating that he should be allowed to come to the office while the conference took place, in order that he might see him and be able to identify him hereafter. He had no doubt in his own mind who the man was. He felt sure he was the same man whom he had followed so often and so long up hill and down dale, and into the very jaws of death.—And so it turned out. The man was engaged by the superintendent, and was in correspondence with a clerk in the post office in New York, who informed him whenever large sums were sent from that office west. This is a fact, however, that transpired subsequently when all was over with this very smart man who was so fond of playing the spy.

Mr. Pinkerton found that there was another man also in league with the 'spy,' and that his work kept him chiefly in New York. Pinkerton now expected every day there would be a "smash-up"—but under the pretence that the conspiracy called him to New York, the "spy" left the west and was gone so long that Pinkerton returned to Chicago.

About three weeks afterwards he received another dispatch to go immediately to the old station, his expectation being realized in another overthrow and robbery of the mail train. On his arrival he saw the same boot marks as in the former cases, and was now satisfied that he had got the real criminal—for behold! he had returned to the hotel two days before the "accident" occurred, but he had the cunning to be abed with another person all that night, that he might establish an *alibi* in case he was suspected. But still there was no legal proof against him. The boots never showed themselves upon his legs, and Pinkerton even overhauled his room in search of them, but without effect. He found out, however, that he had a pair of strong and black-green boots which he wore on rainy days, and Pinkerton resolved to lay a trap for him on the next wet day, which happened during the same week that the "accident" took place.

His trap was this: He persuaded the superintendant to lay down fine red sand over all the paths to the office, and then to send for his spy, hoping that he would come in his hob-nails. They had not long to wait; for, expecting a payment of monies due to him for services not rendered, he came, wrapped up in a big coat, and having on those very boots that had been so long a mystery to the detective. This time there was no mistake. The red sand was pitted all over with the small pox of those tell tale boots, and now the reader will think there was nothing more to do but to arrest the man.

But what proof was there against him? Vivid circumstantial proof in abundance—legal proof none at all. Pinkerton had taken the precaution to make perfect casts and drawings of the impressions in the earth; and if he could get those boots into his possession he might manage to seare the owner into a confession. However, he resolved to get him over to Chicago, under pretence of setting him on the persons suspected of having a share in the late smash-up.

In this he was successful, through the co operation of the superintendent; and, strange to say, he carried his boots with him on the train. Pinkerton now made up his mind that he would have them by hook or by crook. So at a midway station he got the conductor, who knew the "spy," to invite him to take a drink with him; and when they were out together those boots in some quiet way found their way under Pinkerton's carriage seat. On the arrival of the train at Chicago, Pinkerton followed his man until they got into a quiet street, and then arrested him, charging him point blank with throwing over the two trains in question, and also with the robbery of the Michigan Southern train some two years before.

He shook in every limb, turned ghastly pale, and in half an hour had made a full confession of his crimes. He owned that he and a friend robbed the mail at the collision between the Illinois Central and Michigan Southern, and said that they went to Europe and spent the money in eighteen months, when they returned, designing to make a regular trade of throwing trains off the track and robbing the mails. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to the Jacksonville penitentiary for life, where he died after an imprisonment of more than ten years.

Such, as near as I can remember the facts, is the story of these infamous transactions. There is not a word exaggerated, although I am pretty sure that I may be inexact in some of the minor details.—And who was the criminal? What was the name of the wretch who could thus harden his heart to destroy his fellow creatures wholesale for the sake of a few thousand dollars? Reader, he was a natural son of Lord Byron, and called himself George Gordon Augustus Byron. His mother is said to have been a Scotch lady, living in Edinborough at the time of his birth, and a Stewart by name. His accomplice was a nephew of Sir Charles Napier.

There is no doubt about the truth of the story. Mr. Pinkerton is well known all over this continent, and in the capitals of Europe, as a sort of Police Napolean, who never lost any great case he undertook, and whose talents are only equalled by his integrity. It was he who always recovered the monies stolen from the Adams Express company, and who saved President Lincoln's life during his memorable journey to Washington, and it was the same great detective who, when yet a young man, worked up this Byron case. —*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Josh Billings Under Oath.

Josh Billings being duly sworn, testifys az follers:

Eight wont go into 6 and hav mutch ov enny thing left over. Menny a yung fellow haz found out this sum in arthmeticks bi trieing tew git a number 8 foot into a number 6 boot.

Virtew, in one respekt, is like munny. That which we hav tew work the hardest for sticks tew us the best.

I have often herd thare waz men who knew more than they could tell, but i never met one. I hav often met those who could tell a grate deal more than they did kno, and waz willing tew sware to it besides.

Hope haz a grate menny blunders, but thare iz one thing about her that I alwus did like—she means well.

Sum people are good simply bekause they are tew lazy to be wicked, and others, bekause they hant got a good chance.

Thare iz one thing that i am not only certain, but proud ov—thare iz more people in this world who hav changed from bad to good, than from good to bad.

In munny, interest phollows the principal; in morals, principle often phollows the interest.

Yu will notis one thing—the devil seldum offers tew go into partnership with a bizzy man, but you will often see him offer tew jine the lazy man, and furnish all the kapital.

I dont kno, after all, but iz jist about az well tew git abuv yure bizzness as it is tew have yure bizznes git abuv yu.

"In time ov peace prepare for war." This iz the way sum familys liv all the time.

Whenever yu hear a man who alwus wants tew bet hiz "bottom dollar," yu kan make up your mind that that is the size o his pile.

The devil is the only individual on record who iz said not to possess a single virtew.

Thare iz nothing that a man will git so sick of az too much molassis.

The vices which a man kontrackts in hiz youth, however much he may shake them oph, will often call on him thru life, and seek tew renew hiz acquaintance.—

Every man has hiz phollys, but thare iz this difference—in the poor man they look like crimes, while in the ritch man, they only appear tew be exsentricitys.

Old age inkreases us in wisdom, and also in rumatism.

I kno lots ov pholks who are pius jist bekause they waz born so. They kant tell when they got religion, and, if they should loze it, they wouldn't kno it.

We never outgro our phollys—we only alter them.

Thare iz this difference between charity and a gift—charity cums from the heart; a gift from the pocket.

Coquets are generally too silly to be very wicked.

Thare iz full as menny pholks in this world who have hin ruined bi kindness az thare iz who hav bin injured by kruelty.

The man who iz wicked enuff tew be dreaded iz a safer man in community than the one who iz just virtewous enuff not to be suspekted.

Flattery iz the wust kind of lieing.

Hypocracy is alwus humble.

Gravity don't prove enny thing. If a man is really wize, he don't need it, and if he ain't wize, he shouldn't hav it.

It iz jist az natral tew be born poor az it iz tew be born naked, and it is no more disgrace.

Thare iz no excuse whatever for the insolence ov wealth; thare may possibly be for the insolence ov poverty.

Lazyness iz the fust law ov natur; self-preservashun iz the second.

Yu kant konvert sinners bi preaching the gospel tew them at half price. Enny sinner who iz anxious tew git hiz religion in that way, iz satisfied with a poor article.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

TOO TRUE!—Josh Billings, in describing the horse fair of the Billingsville Agricultural Society, remarks, very justly: "There were two yoke of oxen on the ground, several yoke of sheep, a pair of carrots, and some worsted work; but they didn't seem to attract any sympathy.—The people seemed to hanker for pure agricultural horsetrots."

Alas for the frailty of human nature! We confess a weakness for "agricultural horsetrots," too, and we are very far from being an exception to the general rule.

DARWIN IMPROVED.

Darwinism is a mere ape ology for science. That's what it is. And its no new thing under the sun. It has been presented in a great variety of forms by all the authors of children's primers, from Mother Goose to Edward Lear. For instance, witness the following ancient exposition of it;

"The monkey married the baboon's sister,
Smacked his lips, and then he kissed her,
Kissed so hard he raised a blister—
She set up a yell."

This is a touching incident in the beautiful process of transition from worm to Wallace—from dirt to Darwin. The intermarriage between correlated families; the reciprocal attachment so interesting to the thoughtful mind; the pathetic preliminary of osculation; the cuticular accident of vesciation; his fervency; her coy affectation of displeasure—all, all point with unerring finger to the mysterious origin and solemn destiny of man. Again, observe the continuance of this resemblance, as shown in the same familar poem:

"Bridegroom stuck on some court plaster;
Stuck so fast it couldn't stick faster;
O, it was a sad disaster—
But it soon got well."

Here you are again. These be human passions, affections, afflictions. We see the praiseworthy solicitude of the bridegroom; the faithful constancy of the court plaster; and behind all, cunningly suggested rather than stated, the uncomplaining patience of the young wife. Then the slow recovery. But we must not linger:

"What d'ye think the bride was drest in?
White gauze veil and green glass breastpin;
She did look quite interestin';
She was quite a belle."

The scene is changed. The cohesive emollient has been removed from the saluted lip. The bride, though of Simian origin, betrays the divine symbol of her sex—the taste for decoration. She robs her lovely form in transparent gossamar, revealing by concealing. She ornaments her undulating bust with a sapphire gaud—just the way they do now. Is it not sufficiently obvious that the author of this understood the great principle of natural selection and the survival of the fightist, as it is now explained by Darwin, Huxley and the rest?

But, on arriving at the blunt termination of the affecting stanzas, it occurred to us that they were incomplete—that they were, as it were, rudimentary—so, we handed them over to our ingenuous office boy to finish according to the evolution theory. He pulled up his shirt collar, rolled up his eyes and his sleeves, spasmodically seized a sheet of paper, and wended his winding way along after the following fashion:

What d' you think occurred soon arter?
First a son and then a darter;
And they kept a growing smarter
'Cordin to the law.

Lost their tails and found their knowledge;
Put on clothes and went to college;
Studied science and zoology—
Wagged a classic jaw.

One remembered his "poor relation,"
Then he priated a narration,
All about his derivation
From his grandmamma.

Thus much the boy. Then he fainted dead away, like Prof. John Tyndall, F. R. S., when he surmounted the highest peak of the Matterhorn. We dragged the youth to the sink and sprinkled him with the water the "forms" had bathed in, and he sadly opened his eyes. "How are you?" said we. To which vehemently the lad replied: "Walter Whitman ain't no poet. He never caught nothin' from the Muses 'cept the St. Vitus's dance." We let him warble on, seeing that his mind was wandering. But here are our subsequent meditations: "Darwin is right. The book of nature is now perspicuous. We are what we are, because the monkey married the baboon's sister."

BEAUTIFUL IRELAND.—We all know, of course, that Ireland is called the "Emerald Isle," and that the color of the emerald is green, but never had it entered our imagination that there was anywhere in this world to be seen such verdure, as it charmed our eyes to look upon in the rural districts of Ireland. The slopes, the knolls, the dells, the fields of young grain, over which the breeze creeps like the playing spirits of the beautiful; the pastures, dotted over with sheep of purest wool; the hill sides, rising up into mist shrouded mountains, are all covered with thick carpets of smooth velvet. But Ireland should also be called Flowery Isle. There is not a spot in Ireland, I believe, where blessed nature can find an excuse for putting a flower, but she has one—not only in the gardens and meadows, but upon the very walls and crags of the sea, from the great blooming rhodendrons down to the smallest flowret that modestly peeps from its grassy cover. The Irish furze, so richly yellow, covers all places that might otherwise be bare and barren; the silk worm delights everywhere, from thousands of trees, to "drop its web of gold;" the blooming hawthorn, with the sweet-scented pink, and especially the white variety, adorns the landscape and the gardens; wall flowers of every variety clamber to hide the harshness of the mural supports; the beetled cliffs of the North Sea are fringed and softened with lovely flowers, and if you kneel anywhere almost on the yielding, velvety carpet, you will find little, well nigh invisible flowers, red, white, blue and yellow, wrought into the very woof and texture. Ireland ought to be called the Beautiful Isle. The spirit of the beautiful hovers over and touches to living loveliness every point.

THERE are now 30,045 post-offices in the United States, and more a coming.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

SATURDAY MORNING, : OCT. 14, 1871.

IT may interest our republican readers in the rural districts to learn, if they have not already heard it, that the radicals have carried Pennsylvania by 10,000 to 15,000, have gained one Senator and several Representatives, thereby securing *both* branches of the Legislature, have elected John Dean President Judge and Samuel Henry to the Assembly by several hundred majority, have swept Ohio by some 25,000 or so, and Iowa by over 30,000. What else they have done that had much better not have been done, our readers will have to wait until next week to hear, if they depend on us to tell them. All put together, it amounts to a big licking for us, however. *Quien sabe.*

AT the election which took place in Texas last week the Democrats achieved a splendid victory, electing all the FOUR members of Congress. In the present Congress, the delegation stands *one* Democrat and *three* Radicals Considering the base and unparalleled expedients to which Davis, the Radical Governor of the State, resorted to in order to make certain a radical triumph, the success of the Democracy, aided by the Conservative Republicans, is the more gratifying. Texas may now be regarded as a certain Democratic State in the future, and her vote, as well as that of all the other late slave holding States, with perhaps one exception, will be cast for the next Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

THE Radicals elected their State ticket last Tuesday. In Philadelphia the Radical election officers *counted* a majority of *ten thousand*. No one but an idiot believes that this is an honest expression of the people's will. It is however the legitimate fruit of the infamous registry law of that city, controlled by as vile and debauched a set of political scoundrels as ever tampered with and prostituted a ballot-box. An election in Philadelphia under that law, has become merely a broad and disgusting farce—a subject of sneer and derision by all high-minded, honorable men. Although the citizens' republican party cast a solid vote of *two thousand eight hundred* in favor of Biddle and Sheppard, the Democratic candidates for Mayor and District Attorney, which it was admitted on all sides would elect them, yet when the vote is announced, after having been *counted* by the ring of corrupt election officers, Biddle is defeated by about *eight thousand* and Sheppard meets with the same fate by nearly *three thousand votes*. It is a fraud as wicked and gigantic as it is plain and palpable. How long must a patient people submit to such an outrage?

WM H ROSE, the Democratic candidate for Assembly in this county, has been defeated by his Radical opponent, Samuel Henry, by a majority of 407.—This result does not give rise to pleasant reflections, but prudence suggests to us the propriety of not entering into a detailed statement of the causes which have brought it about. Reasons as plenty as blackberries could be assigned, but at this time and in our present not very amiable temper, it is better that they should be left unsaid. Mr. Rose has been stricken down in the house of his own political friends—the blow came from a source whence it was least expected. By their own deliberate act a portion of the Democracy of Cambria county have entrusted their dearest political interests, as well as those of their fellow democrats throughout the State, to the tender mercies of a gentleman who, although *personally* unexceptionable, is as bitter and uncompromising a partisan as can be found in this or any other county in the commonwealth. It is fair to infer that they knew the consequences of their own acts. Any other conclusion would be a base insinuation against their political foresight and general intelligence. As a man makes his bed, so must he lie in it. If, then, the next Radical Legislature, in imitation of the baffled attempt of its predecessor two years ago, fraudulently abstracts from the Sinking Fund *nine millions and a half of dollars*, placed there for a specific and sacred purpose, and appropriates it in aid of certain rail road projects of more than questionable profit and utility—if, instead of the unholy and infamous Philadelphia registry law being wiped out of the statute book, where it is a foul disgrace, other unjust and oppressive provisions are added to it, by which a few more thousand democrats in that city are disfranchised and excluded from the ballot-box—and if, in the Congressional apportionment to be passed next winter, a Radical rope should be placed around the neck of the Democracy of Cambria with which to hang it as high as Haman for the next ten years—when all these iniquities, and others that are sure to come, shall have been consummated, the Democrats who contributed to bring about these results will perhaps fully realize the fatal and mischievous effects resulting from their own suicidal conduct.

CHICAGO IN RUINS!

AN UNPARALLELED CALAMITY!!

The Most Disastrous Fire of the Age—Fourteen Thousand Houses Burned—Great Number of Lives Lost.

CHICAGO, October 7.—The most terrible conflagration that ever occurred in this city broke out about 11 o'clock to-night; and having already swept over six entire blocks, is still raging with almost unabated fury. The fire started in a large planing mill, situated between Clinton and Canal, and Van Buren and Jackson streets. The wind was blowing very fresh, and the flames spread with almost incredible rapidity, and in a few minutes the entire structure was a mass of fire. The immediate vicinity is built up mainly with small wooden tenement houses, and two story frame buildings occupied as groceries, saloons, etc. The inmates of many of these houses, startled from slumber, had barely time to rush out in their scanty night attire, leaving their household goods to destruction. In several instances children were hastily wrapped up in blankets and quilts to break their fall and were thrown from windows to the ground. When the alarm sounded for the fire, another of considerable magnitude was burning on Wells street, near Adams, and several engines were necessarily kept at work upon the fire. The rest of the engines in the city were soon on the ground, but before they arrived the fire had spread over so wide an area, and was so rapidly spreading, that efforts seemed of little avail. Between Canal street and the river were several lumber yards, which are entirely destroyed. At this hour the fire has made a clear sweep from Van Buren street North two blocks to Adams and West to Clinton. Three blocks from the river between Van Buren and Jackson are burning, and the wood-work of the Western approach to the Adams street bridge is destroyed. A large coal yard, containing thousands of tons of coal, situated between the Chicago and Alton and Pittsburg and Fort Wayne Railroad track and the river, is on fire and burning furiously. The immense grain elevator of Vinicent, Nelson & Co., one of the finest in the city, is immediately adjoining, and though intended to be fire-proof, there seems little doubt that it will be destroyed, as the intense heat to which it is subjected will crack the slate, with which it is covered, both on the roof and sides. It contains many thousand bushels of grain of all kinds. The depot of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago, and Alton and St. Louis Railroads, is situated north of Adams, and between Canal street and the river. One of the buildings, a light wooden structure occupied as an express office, was on fire at midnight, and is undoubtedly destroyed.

The scenes in the vicinity of the conflagration are indescribable. Half of the population of the city seems gathered there.—Tugs on the river are engaged in towing to places of safety the vessels moored in the neighborhood, while locomotives are hastily pulling out a great number of cars standing on the track in flames.

LATER—1:30 A. M.—The fire is apparently raging as fiercely as ever. A block of buildings on the North side of Van Buren street, which was thought an hour ago could be saved, is now wrapped in flames. The elevator is safe, so far, and the fire seems to be spreading South and West, notwithstanding the wind is now directly from the South, and blowing hard.

CHICAGO, October 8.—Shortly after sending the last dispatch this morning, detailing the progress of the fire in the western division, the flames were arrested. The space burned over embraces four blocks bounded north by Adams street, west by Clinton street, south by Van Buren street, and east by the Chicago river. Some four or five buildings within the limits named, remain uninjured. Among them Vinicent, Nelson, & Co.'s warehouse, one of the largest in the city, which escaped serious damage. The space burned over was covered with lumber, coal and wood yards, planing mill, vinegar factory, and a large number of dwellings and saloons of the poorer class. A close estimate of the loss places it at $250,000 to $500,000; half probably insured. The fire originated in Lull & Holmes' planing mill, on Canal street, near Van Buren, and as the wind was fresh from the South, the fire spread Northward rapidly and thence East. In thirty minutes the whole district was all ablaze.

Mrs. Margaret Hadley, living on the North side of Jackson street, was burned to death. It is impossible to learn to-night the exact amount of insurance and all the names of companies that are victims.

CHICAGO, October 8—1:45 A. M.—To-night is the most fearful in the annals of the city. The fire which commenced at 10 p. m. has already swept over a space at least three times as large as that of last night and is still rushing on with greater fury than has marked any stage of its progress. The engines appear almost powerless. Fire Marshal Williams has just telegraphed to Milwaukee for all the steamers they can spare. The conflagration has already devastated twenty blocks, mostly composed of the smaller class of dwellings inhabited by poor people. No less than 300 buildings have been entirely destroyed, and more than that number of families rendered homeless. The wind is blowing a gale from the South and carrying showers of sparks to every part of the city, threatening destruction on every hand.

Two A. M.—The fire is still raging with increased fury, and has spread a distance of more than a mile from where it started, and covers a breadth of nearly half a mile.

CHICAGO, October 8—11 P. M.—A fire is now raging in the Western division, which appears to be as large as that of last night. The alarm was given at 9:45 P. M.

CHICAGO, October 9.—The fire is still raging, with a heavy Southerly gale. The Water Works are destroyed. The firemen can get no water, and the fire has full sway. Nearly five miles of the city are in ashes.—Express and newspaper offices, banks, courthouse, six grain elevators, and other important buildings in ruins. The loss will exceed sixty millions. Assistance is badly needed. Food and water are wanted for thousands of homeless people. The suffering is intense, and there is no telling when the flames will be subdued.

ONE HALF OF THE CITY DESTROYED.

EDGEWOOD, ten miles from Chicago, October 9—11 A. M.—The work of devastation continues. More than one-half the city is already destroyed, and the flames continue their ravages almost unopposed. At about one o'clock this morning the fire crossed the river at the Adams Street Bridge, and soon destroyed the Gas Works. The fire then spread in every direction. At this hour almost every building from Harrison street North to the Chicago river is destroyed, including all the insurance offices, banks, hotels, telegraph offices, newspaper establishments (with the single exception of the *Tribune* office, which is fire proof), court-house, Sherman House, Tremont House, Palmer's New Pacific Hotel, New Bigelow Hotel, and in fact everything else is swept clean. This district embraces all the heavy business houses in the city. It is not known whether any lives were lost, but the streets are filled with people, many mourning missing relatives and friends. Washington, Madison, Market, Clinton, Jefferson, Buffalo, and Griswold streets, and all that part of the city, is a blackened mass. Thousands of people in vehicles are on the roads from the villages to aid the people in Chicago. The firemen and policemen are working like heroes. The fire has extended over a circuit of three miles, and both sides of Chicago river are in ruins. Great exertions were made to save the Court House and Gas House, but in vain. The latter exploded with three reports, but no lives were lost. The city to-night will be in darkness. Thirty or forty vessels in the river are now burning, and many more are destroyed. The finest blocks of dwellings and finest buildings in the city are in ashes. Every fireman in the city is called upon to do duty. Nearly all the bridges across the river are burned. All is terror.

BUILDINGS DESTROYED.

CHICAGO, October 9—1 P. M.—The fire has swept everything from the Chamber of Commerce to the lake and the river. The whole of the business portion of the city is in ruins. The Mayor of Chicago has called for assistance and supplies from all quarters. All the telegraph offices, including the Western Union Telegraph building, a new edifice just completed; Court Houses, the Sherman, Briggs, and Tremont Houses, the Post office, the Custom House, the Board of Trade, the Rock Island Depot, Pacific Hotel, in fact everything is burnt from Twelfth street North, and from the canal, on the West side, to the lake. All the city banks are burnt, and all the business part of the city is gone. The fire is still raging. Water has given out and the firemen are exhausted. The loss will be more than $500,000,000.

THE PATH OF THE DESTROYING ELEMENT.

CHICAGO, October 9—5 P. M.—The awful work of destruction still goes on with relentless fury. From Harrison street, in the South, to Division street in the North, and from the river to the lake, an area of four miles long by one mile wide, the flames have swept everything before them. It is estimated that at least one hundred thousand people are homeless, and in a suffering condition. The streets in the districts still unburned are lined for miles with such household goods as have been saved from destruction.

The most generous offers of assistance in money, food, or anything wanted, are coming in from almost every city and town throughout the country by telegraph. The Mayor has responded to several offers, asking that cooked food be provided as soon as possible.

Firemen are on their way here from Cincinnati, St. Louis and other cities. Buildings are now being blown up on the line of the fire, to attempt to arrest its progress.

HOPES OF THE SAFETY OF THE WATER WORKS.

LATER.—It is now believed that the spread of the fire Southward has been stayed at Harrison street, but on the North side there is no diminution of its fury, and that entire division of the city is evidently doomed to utter destruction. There are grave fears that the flames may spread to the West side of the North branch of the river, and the inhabitants of streets nearest the river are already moving to places supposed of greater safety. The Western Union Telegraph Co. have now six wires working East and South, running into a temporary office at the corner of State and Sixteenth streets. The Northwestern Railroad Company are running trains on both its branches, which are crowded with fleeing citizens. It is now positively asserted by some that the waterworks are still intact, but the water has been shut off from the Southwest divisions on account of the quantity being used on the North side. A reliable gentleman, just arrived from the North division, brings the joyful intelligence that the water works are uninjured. God grant it may prove true.

THE LOSSES.

It is impossible to give, even approximately, a correct statement of the losses, but a faint idea may be formed when it is stated that every bank in the city, except two small savings institutions, one on Twenty-second street, in South division, and one on Randolph street, in West division, are destroyed; all the wholesale stores, all retail establishments, the Postoffice, Court House, Chamber of Commerce, every hotel in South division except Michigan Avenue Hotel, which, standing on the extreme Southern limit, escaped, though badly scorched, every newspaper office, the *Tribune* building, which was supposed to be fire-proof, having finally succumbed; every theatre, six of the largest elevators, the immense depots of the Michigan Southern and of the Illinois Central Railroads, both of the passenger and freight depots of the latter; more than a score of churches, and much of the shipping in the river, all destroyed. Men who were millionaires yesterday morning are nearly penniless to day.

LOSS OF LIFE.

But more terrible than all is the certainty that many human beings have perished in the flames. How many, no one can tell, perhaps no one will ever be able to tell, but it is known that some have perished, and there are only heart-strickening fears that the victims may be counted by scores. Hundreds of horses and cows have been burned in stables, and on the North side numbers of animals, though released from confinement, were so bewildered and confused by the sea of fire which surrounded them, that they rushed wildly toward the fire and were scorched and killed. Any attempt at a description of scenes of the appalling calamity would be the simple facts, that the once great city of Chicago is destroyed; that hundreds of millions of active capital here have vanished, and nearly one-third of Chicago's inhabitants are homeless dependants, are enough. Any attempt to embellish would be mockery. As this awful day draws to a close, thousands of anxious eyes watch the clouds of smoke which still roll over the burnt district, with evident dread that a sudden change of wind may turn the flames upon that portion of the city yet spared.—There seems, however, little cause for apprehension, and the reinforcements of firemen from other cities are constantly arriving.

Colonel J. J. Wilson, Superintendent of the Telegraph, is in receipt of dispatches from the leading cities announcing that aid is being provided for the sufferers. Colonel Clowry, of St. Louis, telegraphs that $70,000 have been subscribed by the merchants there. Cincinnati promises $200,000, and Cleveland is proportionately generous. All this and a great deal more will be needed to relieve the immediate pressing wants. Everything is being done by General Stager and his assistants to keep up communication for the citizens and press for the world outside. About three-fourths of the United States mail was saved and taken possession of by Col. Wood of the Post-office service.

CHICAGO, October 10—9 A. M.—There are a thousand people camped about four miles out, and perhaps as many more at Lake View, and on Fullerton Avenue, near Prairie. The people are being fed in the remaining churches, school houses, under sheds and by the roadsides.

It was cold and chilly this morning, causing great suffering, but it is now clearing up again. Instead of this being welcome the people are praying earnestly for more rain, so fearful are they of the continuation of the fire. This is the situation this morning.

Late on Sunday evening, a boy went into a stable on DeKoven street, near the river on the west side, to milk a cow, carrying with him a kerosene lamp. This was kicked over by the cow and the burning fluid scattered among the straw. This was the beginning of the great fire. A single extinguisher on the ground, or the active work of the police in tearing down one or two shanties, would have prevented the spreading of the flames. But engines were waited for, and when arrived the firemen, stupified by their exertions at the fires on Saturday night, worked slowly and clumsily; their efforts were unavailing. The wind from the southwest blew a gale, and rapidly the flames shot from house to house and from board-pile to board-pile, until the district burned the night before was reached. Meanwhile the flames had crossed the river, north of Twelfth street, spread to the south side and made for the brick and stone business blocks, railroad freight depots and manufacturing establishments.

The full extent of the danger was realized for the first time when the Fire Department, already tired out, worked like heroes. The Mayor and his city government, that had supinely rested, now began to exert themselves, but the opportunity had been lost. The time when a thorough organization could have blown up the buildings or prepared for the emergency, was neglected. It was now a fight for life. The wind was blowing, and a stiff gale had possession of the flames, and the beautiful buildings, Chicago's glory, lay before them. Harrison, Van Buren, Adams, Monroe and Madison streets were soon reached, and the intervening blocks from the river to Dearborn street on the east were being consumed. Three quarters of a mile of brick blocks were consumed as if by magic.

HEARTRENDING SCENES.

By ten o'clock in the forenoon was to be seen the most remarkable sight ever beheld in this or any other country. There were from fifty to seventy-five thousand women and children fleeing by every available street and alley to the southward and westward, attempting to save their clothing and their lives. Every available vehicle was brought into requisition, for the use of which enormous prices were paid, and the streets and sidewalks presented a sight of thousands of persons and horses extricably commingled. Poor people, all colors and shades and every nationality from Europe, China and Africa, mad with excitement, struggled with each other to get away. Hundreds were trampled under foot, men and women were loaded with bundles containing their household goods, to whose skirts were clinging tender infants half dressed and barefooted, all seeking a place of safety. Hours afterwards they might have been seen in the vacant lots or in the streets far out in the suburbs, stretched in the dust. These are suffering. *"These are the lambs whom Christ now calls on the rich world to feed and clothe."* God keep them if the heart of man shall prove obdurate.

EPISODES.

One of the most pitiful sights was that of a middle aged woman on State street, loaded with bundles, struggling through the crowd, singing the "Mother Goose Melody," "Chickery, chickery, craky crow, I went to the well to wash my toe," &c.

There were hundreds of others likewise distracted, and many rendered desperate by whisky or beer, which, from excessive thirst in the absence of water, they drank in quantities, spread themselves in every direction, a terror to all they met.

FRIGHTFUL LOSS OF LIFE.

It is fearful to think of the loss of life. It is conjectured, and with good cause, that nearly five hundred have been burned to death. We saw six men enter a burning building, and in a moment they were overwhelmed by a falling wall. There was a crowd of men around the corner of this building, trying to save the property, when the walls yielding, some of them were buried beneath. These were on the south side.

On the north side twelve or fifteen men, women and children rushed into the building occupied by the Historical Society, a fire-proof building, for safety. In a few minutes the flames burst up, and they were burned to death. Among them is the venerable Col. S. Stone, long connected with the Society. He was eighty years of age. Also John B. Gerard and wife, and Mademoiselle De Pelgrone, a noted teacher of music, perished. It is feared that Dr. Frear and family also were burned, as they were in the building and have not been seen since.

All the books and papers of the Historical Society, including the original copy of the famous Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln, for which the Society paid $25,000, were destroyed.

Mrs. Edsall, whose husband was murdered last week, then suffering from illness, was carried away for protection to a building which was afterwards consumed, and it is feared she also perished.

BURNING OF THE ASYLUM—ORPHANS MISSING.

It is feared that a large number of children and infants of the Catholic Orphans' Society, on State street, were also burned, as many of them are missing.

On Chicago avenue a father rushed up stairs to carry three children away, when he was overtaken by the flames and perished with the children. The mother was afterwards seen on the northward side a raving maniac.

In the same neighborhood a family of five persons perished. The list of such fatalities is very long, and cannot be fully verified till after the smoke shall have cleared away.—There are hundreds of families on that side who saved no clothing, and but barely their lives. Among these is the family of Perry Smith, formerly the President of the Northwestern Railroad Company.

THE LOSS FULLY $300,000,000.

LATER—A careful survey of the insurances to-day shows there were written on the property destroyed over two hundred millions of dollars. Add another hundred millions to this sum, and a fair estimate can be reached of the loss. All the leading merchants who have been seen, express the determination to resume business at once.

CINCINNATI, October 10.—Twenty-three dead bodies have been found. Dispatches received here state that the fire has been subdued on Thirty-first street and is now completely under control. No further danger is anticipated. The Cincinnati delegation has arrived, but cannot distribute provisions until to-morrow. Special police have been sworn in and are guarding the city. There is suffering and wailing on all sides.

CHICAGO, October 10—3:10 P. M.—Word is just brought that a fierce fire is raging on Thirty-first street. This street is two miles south of the southern fire limit on the south side, and a little less than that from the limit on the west side. This has been set on fire for the purpose evidently of destroying the remaining part of the city. It is largely occupied by the wealthy residents. It is also known that two men caught in the act of firing a building have been shot and two others led off with ropes around their necks.

As the wind is blowing a perfect gale, the end now cannot be foretold. Further news will be forwarded as soon as received.

CHICAGO, Oct. 11.—The wind is blowing a gale. The fire is apparently subdued. It has not spread any since noon.

The number of dead found up to this time is about forty. The ruins are not all accessible yet. A portion of the city will be supplied with water to morrow.

An Obstinate Elephant.

O'Brien's menagerie exhibited in Meriden yesterday (Thursday), according to advertisement, at the usual grounds on State street. Just after the close of the afternoon performance the great elephant Mogul took it into his head to enact a tragedy not on the bills, so walking majestically out of his enclosure, he went for his keeper in a fit of rage. The keeper sought refuge under the cage containing kangaroos, which Mogul disdainfully turned over in a jiffy, and walked through the canvass out of doors. Then he went on a tour of inspection, and if not "seeking whom he might devour," he certainly seemed willing to accomodate anybody or anything that might wish for a set-to. Meeting a pile of lumber in the adjoining lumber yard, he quickly spread the boards in good shape for seasoning. Then meeting in his path one of the mules belonging to the company, he ran his tusks completely through its body, pinning it to the ground, and killing the animal instantly. The next obstruction in his majesty's path was a wagon belonging to Messrs Grether & Hall, which he scornfully seized with his trunk, and raising it, smashed it to pieces; then he returned to the dead mule, and again plunged his tusks through it, and breaking off one of his tusks close to the jaw, sauntering carelessly into State street, with none to molest or to make him afraid, the crowd following at a safe distance behind, while before and about him everybody seemed to be very busy in getting out of his way. The keeper and other attaches of the menagerie soon rallied, and by strategy and good tactics he was induced to enter a field belonging to Mr. Camp, thence into an orchard, where he indulged in the pastime of tearing and smashing whole lengths of picket fence. The novel mode of subduing him, temporarily, by shooting him in the face and trunk with buckshot, was adopted. Some fifty heavy charges were fired at him; the stinging effect acted well as a slight check upon his operations, during which his keeper fearlessly approached and chained him to an apple tree about twelve inches in diameter, which was no sooner discovered by the enraged animal than he instantly and without apparent effort, but with the greatest ease, tore it up by the roots, and again created the greatest consternation among the immense crowd who had now collected in the immediate vicinity. All went, and stood not on the order of going, but some tall running was done, and some laughable incidents occurred in the stampede, leaving the ground free to Mogul and his would-be captors.

He was, by great daring and agility on the part of his keeper, again secured by chaining his hind feet to a very large tree; here he was left for the night, and a guard stationed with rifles loaded with ball, to kill him should he again break loose during the night. He was evidently much chagrined at his confinement, and continued to "snort" and struggle to break the chain, affording much excitement throughout the city during the entire night, but fortunately he was held until about 5 o'clock this morning, when his keeper, with the assistance of the entire force of the concern and about 500 citizens, undertook the job of punishing and subduing the monster. Large ropes and chains were procured, and after many attempts, in which the same were broken quite easily, he was finally, at the end of two hours, thrown down, and secured in that position, when simultaneously his beating began by a dozen strong men with clubs, iron bars, spears, and pitchforks, and continued until the men were exhausted, and again renewed from time to time for about two hours, at which time, after many wounds, and pounding enough to seemingly kill him, he was as obstinate as ever. Refusing to surrender, he was left to his own reflections in this condition, and the beating abated for a time. At the present time of writing (twelve hours), he seems determined not to succumb. A choice he has of doing so or being killed, as in his dangerous mood he will not be allowed to rise without evidence of a change of heart. It is estimated that the damage done in his tantrum will cost over $700. Fortunate it is that no lives were lost.—*N Haven Register.*

THE GREAT CONFLAGRATIONS.—*A Fire Line Three Hundred Miles Long and One Hundred Miles Wide*.—The fires which for a week or more past have been sweeping over Minnesota and Northern Wisconsin, cover sections of country truly enormous. That in Minnesota, at latest dates seems to have started in Dakota territory, although there is no evidence as to the precise locality. The south end of the conflagration is crossing Northern Iowa, while the northern end reaches far up toward the head of Lake Superior, and is sweeping down the valley of the St. Peter's river, and the forests east of the Missisippi above St. Cloud. It seems probable that this fire is advancing on a line nearly three hundred miles long, and that it has passed over a territory scarcely less on an average than one hundred miles, although the outlines are irregular. That in Wisconsin is even more terrible, reaching from near New London through all the country east and north as high up as Menominee river, and how much further is not definitely known. It is also following down the Lower Fox river from Oshkosh towards Green bay, and a large force of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad men have been engaged for several days in protecting the ties and bridges from destruction. Buildings have already been destroyed near Fort Howard, opposite the city of Green Bay. On the east side of Fox river it has been equally disastrous, covering nearly the whole country west of Manitowoc, and far up the peninsula northward, embracing millions of acres of the finest timbered land in the west. Thus far no fires are reported in the Wolf river pineries west of the river, or on the Chippewa and St. Croix, but as long as the drought prevails they cannot be considered safe. The catastrophe is so terrible, involving so many enterprises and people, as to amount to a national calamity, and it has even been proposed to call the legislature of Wisconsin together to devise measures for the relief of the sufferers. Millions in value have been destroyed, and still the fire fiend pursues its way, human agencies being utterly powerless to arrest it. The disaster is the most wide-spreading and terribly that has ever visited the state, and will fall with crushing weight on more than 100,000 of the most industrious and deserving of the population. Large fires are reported in Michigan, but the extent of the devastation is not yet known. It is probably small in comparison with that west of the lakes.—*Chicago Times.*

IT is almost inconceivable, and yet the fact is authoritatively stated, that while the great conflagration at Chicago was at its height, two men were caught while engaged in setting fire to houses which the flames had not reached. They were hung to the first lamp-post, which was certainly too kind a death for them. What could have prompted men to act in this desperately fiendish manner? Who can explain? Certainly not the desire for plunder; for, if that was their object, they could not have desired a fairer field than that which the fire had already given them.

FOUR or five persons were killed and forty wounded in a riot between whites and blacks in Philadelphia on election day.

News and Political Items.

—Archbishop M'Closkey, of New York, recommends a collection on Sunday next in all Catholic churches in aid of Chicago.

—Grady's Circus balloon, while being filled with heated air at Parker's Landing, last week, took fire, and "went up" for the last time.

—The editor of the Chester *Republican* has been shown 260 copper coins, bearing date from 1740, to 1760 the coins being unearthed by a gentleman while plowing.

—Mrs. R Felton, of Rochester, New York, while passing from one car to another, carrying a child, on the train near Chicago, fell beneath the wheels. Their bodies were terribly mutilated.

—The discovery has been made that grape leaves make a yeast in some respects superior to hops, as the bread rises sooner and has not the peculiar taste which many object to in that made from hops.

—George O. Evans, the alleged defaulter, was brought to Harrisburg on Tuesday night last, from New York, in custody of an officer, and at last accounts was under close surveillance at the Lochiel House.

—John Hancock, one of the Democratic members of Congress elect from Texas, is a brother of General Winfield Scott Hancock, and was formerly a member of the legislature of this State from Philadelphia.

—At West Chester, on Thursday, Mrs. Amanda Spence, colored, aged about 60 years, was shot dead in the back-yard of her residence, by an unknown person. An old musket with which the crime was committed, was found in the yard.

—Major Hodge, the defaulter, has been sentenced to ten years hard labor in the penitentiary. In addition to this he is to be cashiered, to forfeit all pay and allowances that may be due him. The amount of his pilferings is $445,406.00.

—The Newbern Journal of Commerce says: It is impossible to convince the colored people in this section that the tidal wave is a myth. They are holding meetings night and day, praying and exhorting their brethren to prepare for the flood.

—Four persons have been arrested in Lancaster for placing obstructions on the track of the Pennsylvania Railroad, near that city. They fastened ties on the track, but happily whilst two engines were somewhat injured no other damage was done.

—Two years in the Penitentiary is all a Houston (Tex) court has awarded to Samuel L. Smith, a negro, for placing obstructions on a railroad track, and thus causing the death of the president. Dr. Young, besides wounding several other persons.

—One of the latest rumors from Chicago is that in a burnt blacksmith shop on Rush street the bodies of fifteen men were found burned to a crisp, they having rushed into the shop to escape from the flames, which had surrounded them before they had discovered their peril.

—Among the largest corn growers in this State is William Cameron, Esq., of Union county, who has three hundred acres in corn on his different farms, that will average one hundred and twenty bushels of ears to the acre, making thirty seven thousand and two hundred bushels.

—At the York fair, last week, a cabinet of relics and curiosities was exhibited among other attractions, which yielded a considerable revenue. This was called Old Curiosity Shop, and contained two watches of small size, one as large as a silver three-cent piece and the other the size of a silver five cent piece.

—A girl nine years of age arrived at a town in Central Iowa recently, having traveled unprotected all the way from Western Kansas, and bringing with her two sisters, one an infant, which she carried in her arms, and the other three years old. Her parents had emigrated to Kansas, and both died there, and she determined to return to Iowa.

—The Sal del Rey, the great salt lake of Texas, is an immense bed of salt about five miles in circumference, which is believed to be inexhaustible, as the process of production is constantly going on. The salt is formed naturally, and only has to be shovelled up, placed in carts, and taken away to be ready for market.

—Mr. Thaddeus Switzer, of Fermanagh township, Juniata county, met with a terrible accident on Saturday morning last. He was engaged in threshing grain, and by some means got his right arm into the machinery, which was torn and mangled in a shocking manner. Dr. Crawford was sent for, who amputated the lacerated limb at the shoulder.

—The following cement will firmly attach any metallic substance to glass or porcelain: Mix two ounces of a thick solution of glue with one ounce of linseed oil varnish, or three-fourths of an ounce of Venice turpentine; boil them together, stirring them until they mix as thoroughly as possible. The pieces cemented should be tied together for two or three days.

—Mr. Elisha Fitch, a resident of East Brandywine township, Chester county, went to work on Friday morning, the 15th ult., since which time he has not been seen or heard of by his anxious relatives. It is supposed that he has been foully dealt with. The missing man is five feet eight inches in height, has gray eyes, smooth face, brown hair, cut close, and wore, when last seen, a black coat, black cap, and blue pants.

—Recently the officers of a school district in Windham, Ct., drafted a call for a school meeting, writing it in purple ink and signing it with black. The notice was posted as usual, but the purple soon faded entirely out, leaving the signatures. A citizen took down the notice, filled out a draft for several hundred dollars over the signaturee and presented it. Although the money was not demanded, yet these committee men will hereafter use black ink.

—The Palatka Herald has received another communication from a "reliable correspondent" in Orange county. The Herald says; "It seems that the late hurricane, graphically described by Sturges, was nothing more than the work of an overwrought imagination, superinduced by a condition of the brain under the stimulating effect of Orange county rum, and the grating motion of the tree-tops were the result of rapid bogging, impressing the idea that the earth and waters were rapidly revolving."

—A singular evidence of Oregon's antiquity was recently taken out of the ground at Tillamook Heads. It appears that some men were grading a road bed, and, when twenty-five feet below the surface, one of them exhumed a copper bowie knife over twenty-two inches long, two and a half inches wide, by three-eighths of an inch thick. The curiosity was sent to C. Roop, of Dayton, who has it in his museum. Here is another mystery for the oldest inhabitant to explain. The knife is made of the best copper.

—It has just been discovered that the State of Indiana has been paid twice by the Treasury Department for boats which Senator Morton obtained when he was Governor, for use in the war. Notwithstanding that the Governor holds his receipts for payment in full, the claims were presented and again paid. The evidence looks as though an immense fraud has been practised, and the parties implicated will be asked to "rise and explain." What will the Radical press say to this Western Tammany, with Senator Morton at its head?

A TERRIBLE DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.—On Thursday evening some of the inmates of a tenement in Jamaica avenue, Newtown, L. I., broke into the apartments occupied by Charles Wagner and his wife. For three days no one had been seed to pass in or out, and they suspected something was wrong. On entering the room they saw on the bed the corpse of Anna Wagner, and beside it lay the husband in a drunken stupor. The body of the woman was shockingly mutilated. The skull had been broken in, and there were bruises on almost every part of the body. It was evident that the woman had been dead two or three days, as the body had already begun to decompose. The coroner arrived several hours later, summoned a jury, and from the testimony given the following particulars were ascertained: Wagner was addicted to drink, and often reached home drunk. At such times there was generally a violent quarrel. On Tuesday night he was drunker than usual. A quarrel ensued and was kept up until a late hour, the neighbors distinctly hearing blows. During the inquest the murderer lay on the floor, occasionally muttering some unintelligible words, and entirely unconscious. The jury rendered a verdict of death by violence at the hands of Charles Wagner, and the coroner ordered his arrest.

A SINGULAR REVELATION.—On Saturday last one Fooney, a traveling doctor, made information before the officials at Upper Sandusky, O., that he had been engaged some time ago to poison Barnabas Wagoner, an aged and respected citizen, 83 years old.—The contract was made by Wagoner's wife, about 28 years of age, and a brother of the latter, Robert Gaster, they agreeing to pay him $200. Fooney purchased some strychnine and mixed it with milk toast that Mrs. Wagoner had made for her husband, he being ill. This took place Sept. 21, in the morning, and he died the same evening. The parties failing to raise the $200, the doctor gave the information against them, and at the same time gave himself up. The three are now in jail. Mr. Wagoner's body has been taken up and will be examined. The excitement is very great over the affair, all the parties connected with it being of respectability and worth considerable property.

THE Mayor of Milwaukee has been telegraphed that several towns in the lumber district of Green Bay have been burned. Pishtego village and Sugar Bush settlement were burned on Sunday night. It is reported that over two hundred persons have perished in the flames.

New Advertisements.

CUNDURANGO!

THE WONDERFUL REMEDY FOR CANCER, SYPHILIS, SCROFULA, ULCERS, SALT RHEUM and ALL OTHER CHRONIC BLOOD DISEASES.

DR. P. T. KEENE having just returned from Ecuador, has brought with a quantity of the *genuine* **Cundurango Bark**, secured through the official recommendation and assistance of His Excellency the President of Ecuador, and the Government of that Republic, we are prepared to fill orders for it to a limited extent, and at a price one-quarter of that which the cost of the first very small supply compelled us to charge. A **spurious** article is now advertised and sold as Cundurango. We have, at a considerable expense, and with the co-operation of the authorities of Loja, the province where the plant grows, so directed the channel of supply as to insure that none but the genuine article shall be sold by us; and we particularly call the attention of the public, for their protection, to this fact.

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A compound of *Cocoa-nut Oil, &c.* Acknowledged *the best promoter of the growth and beauty of the hair.* 25c. PHENIX & CO., Boston, Mass. Sold by all druggists. *Beware of imitations.*

FREE Try samples of our great $1.00 *Illustrated* weekly—30 years established. Fine steel engravings free to subscribers. Agents make $5 a day. Send for **Saturday Gazette**, Halowell, Me.

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The oldest and most reliable Institution for obtaining a Mercantile Education.
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FOR SALE.—A choice farm of 183 acres in Chester county, 30 miles from Philadelphia. Address JABEZ BAILY, Marlboro P. O., Pa.

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For 884 per inch per Month will insert an Advertisement in 1[illegible] **first-class Pa. Newspapers**, including **Fourteen Dailies.** Proportionate rates for smaller advertisements. List sent free. Address

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
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$30. WE WILL PAY $30.
Agents $30 per week to sell our great and valuable discoveries. If you want permanent, honorable and pleasant work, apply for particulars. Address DYER & CO., Jackson, Michigan.

A CARD.

A Clergyman, while residing in South America as a Missionary, discovered a safe and simple remedy for the Cure of Nervous Weakness, Early Decay, Diseases of the Urinary and Sexual Organs, and the whole train of disorders brought on by baneful and vicious habits. Great numbers have been cured by this noble remedy. Prompted by a desire to benefit the afflicted and unfortunate, I will send the recipe for preparing and using this medicine, in a sealed envelope, to any one who needs it, *free of charge.* Address JOS. T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, N. Y. City.

AVOID QUACKS!—A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send to his fellow sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Cambria Freeman.

SATURDAY, :::::: OCT. 14, 1871.

PREMIUM FRUIT CHROMO!

We have made arrangements with the publisher of OUR OWN FIRESIDE to club our paper with his, and now offer both papers for the wonderful low price of THREE DOLLARS per year, and will present to each subscriber to the two papers a beautiful premium in shape of a FRUIT CHROMO which cannot be bought for less than Five Dollars.

OUR OWN FIRESIDE!

is a large, handsome 16-paged monthly illustrated Paper for the people, full of fine illustrations and the best of serial stories. The regular subscription price of Our Own Fireside is $2.50 per year. A simple copy of this paper and the Premium Fruit Chromo can be seen at our office. Subscribe for your home paper and for Our Own Fireside, and receive this handsome premium as a free gift.

☞ All subscribers who have or will pay in advance for the present volume of our paper will be entitled to the above Premium upon the same terms as new subscribers—that is by paying $3 in advance for one year's subscription to the two papers.

CLUBS! GET UP CLUBS!

We have a handsome Chromo Lithograph in our office, worth $8, which we will give to any postmaster who will get us three subscribers for the Freeman, each of whom will receive also the Premium Fruit Chromos and three subscribers for own paper, paying us therefor, subscribers and chromos, only $10 in all.

FURS AND MUFFS, &c.

For 5 subscribers to each paper, accompanied by $5 cash, a Belgian Coney Set will be given.
For 8 subscribers to each paper ($10 for all) a fresh Coney Collar and Muff.
For 15 subscribers to each paper and $30 a Five Dollar Mink Sable Collar and Muff, satin lined.
For 15 subscribers to each paper at $3 apiece, a Fine Ermine Collar and Muff.
For 20 subscribers to each paper at same rates, a Imitation Seal Collar and Muff.
For 25 subscribers to each paper, any one of the following articles: A Real Mink Collar and Muff, richly trimmed, satin lined; Silver Geneva Watch; Gent's Gold Chain; Solid Gold Pin and Drops, Alaska setting; Pair of Gold Bracelets; Fine Gold Pin and Drops.
Other premiums will be added next week.
Any club subscriber on the above terms will be entitled to one of the Fruit Chromos.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Ups and Mishaps at and near Home.

—The election is over—over the left for us, we're sorry to say.

—The weather "turned up Jack"—Frost on Sunday night, and he was up before anybody was on Friday morning.

—John I. Shryock, Jr., editor and publisher of the Greensburg Herald, died in that place on Sunday morning last.

—A small band of gypsies, properly equipped and mounted, passed through town, eastward bound, yesterday forenoon.

—The Herald tells about a potato raised by David Owens in Cambria township which weighs three and a quarter pounds.

—Oatman has nice hats and caps of the best styles for sale cheap, and everybody should look well under one of them.

—For $2.25 in advance we will send Woods' Household Magazine and the Cambria Freeman one year to any person who will furnish us with the cash right away.

—George Whitehill, born in Hopewell township, Bedford county, with all it contained, was razed to the ground one day last week. Incendiarism is blamed for it.

—We learn it rumored on Wednesday that young man at Carrolltown had one of his eyeballs put out while engaged in wrestling with a young associate.

—The Herald says that an association composed of the members of the different secret orders of this place have purchased Myers' Hall for the sum of $1,000.

—West M. L. Oatman does not keep in the line of choice groceries it would be useless to go elsewhere for. His stock is full, complete and very cheap for cash.

—Corn huskings and apple butter boilings are now in order, and you bet there's a jolly time among the country lads and lasses. Invitations if you do get squeezed.

—The stone work on our new jail has been completed. It will soon be time for somebody to do something, if he wants to enjoy the distinguished honor (?) of being the first inmate.

—We are sorry, to use the chaste language of the elect, that it is not all "poppy" with everything about the election of Sam Henry Wilson radical State ticket. More's the pity.

—Mr. Henry Neville died in Indiana county from incidence of enlargement of the liver, after several months' illness, the weight of that organ at the death being nearly nineteen pounds.

—We can furnish Ballou's Magazine, one of the best monthlies published, and our own paper one year for the low price of $2 75. The magazine alone is worth $1.50. Who wants to subscribe?

—The heavens wept copious tears over the political victory on Tuesday last, and kept up the weeping all day and night of Wednesday. No wonder the heavens should weep and the country mourn.

—Two railroad smash ups occurred on Wednesday night, one west of Johnstown and the other east of Gallitzin, and as a consequence passengers were detained at Conemaugh for several hours.

—The house of Jacob Clark, in Mechanicsburg, Indiana county, was destroyed by fire on Sunday last, and Mr. Clark, who is quite an old man, was severely burned while trying to save some valuable papers.

—A Mount Union firm have purchased of the Cambria Iron Company a lot of ground at Johnstown, and intend erecting thereon a large Sole Leather Tannery, whatever kind of a leather tannery that is.

—Mr Michael Lattener, of Cambria township, has just bought Mr. E. J. Mills' large brick dwelling house on the corner of High and Center streets, in this borough, for $2,800, with the intention we believe of converting it into a hotel.

—Good bread is the best part of any person's daily rations, and without good flour good bread cannot be made. Think of this and you will be sure to buy the great "Eastern Star" brand of flour which M. L. Oatman alone has for sale in this market.

—While a heavy log of timber was being loaded on to a wagon at Somerset, on Saturday afternoon last, the piece of timber upon which they were sliding it slipped and fell on Mr. David Husband, crushing him in such a manner as to render his recovery doubtful.

—The cellar apartment of Mr. Peter Collins' residence, in this place, was entered by sneak thieves on Wednesday night last, and about twenty-five gallons of cider and some seven bushels of apples carried away. Look out for your apple-butter boiling somewhere pretty soon.

—The happy visages, healthful looks and neat attire of the boarding scholars at Mount Aloysius Seminary tell plainer than words could that they are properly taken care of by the good sisters in charge. Such an excellent institution should number its pupils by the hundred at least.

—We learn that Mrs. Linn Boyd, a resident of this place, was in Chicago at the time of the great terrible conflagration in that city, and that her trunk, containing much valuable property, was burned up with the dwelling of a fellow lady, Mrs. Harris, with whom she was boarding at the time.

—Josiah Bush, a farmer residing near New Salem, Westmoreland county, shot himself through the head with a rifle ball on Monday night last, producing almost instant death.—Hereditary insanity was the cause, he being the fifth member of the family who has committed suicide.

—Waple, the man who placed obstructions several times on the track of the Tyrone and Clearfield Road, last summer, was convicted of the offense at the recent term of the Clearfield Court, and sentenced to seven years imprisonment in the Penitentiary. Righteous sentence.

—A horse was stolen from Isaac Lute's pasture field, at Grant Mill, this county, one night last week, but was shortly after recovered by some young men who were on their way home from a party. The thief jumped from the horse and took to the woods. So says the Herald.

—The grading of seven sections of the Southwestern Pennsylvania railroad have been awarded to the Collins brothers of this place.

—Of all the birds that fly the air, the black, the blue, the red; of all the cakes that mammy bakes, give me the gingerbread"—provided of course that she uses Oatman's "Eastern Star" flour, the very best in the market.

—James Wilkinson is still engaged in the marble manufacturing business at Loretto, and a better workman than James in his particular branch of industry don't vegetate anywhere. But next week we'll tell all we know about it.

—The barn, grain, hay, and four horses belonging to Mr. Samuel Peachy, near Allenville, Huntingdon county, were consumed by fire on Wednesday morning of last week. The fire is supposed to have been produced by the friction of the grain separator. No insurance; loss $5 000.

—The Herald man goes into exstacies over the result, among other things, of some election whith he imagines was held in the State of Indiana. Will be please inform us when it was held and what officers were voted for. We believe this is the year of grace 1871. The Herald man seems to think otherwise. "A little learning," etc.

—A young man named Storm was terribly injured by a tree falling upon him, if we are rightly informed, at Flynn's log job, in Chest township, on Thursday of last week. He was still living on Sunday last, we believe, but considering his injuries it did not seem possible for him to survive very long, and the probabilities are that he is dead ere this.

—When you go to Geis & Foster's big store in Johnstown to buy goods, which you ought to do and no doubt will do, never let on about their big advertisement having been omitted for the last two weeks, but go on and buy a big bill of superb goods, which they can always sell very cheap, pay the cash, and then tell us if you haven't made a nice thing of it.

—Mr Samuel Carothers, of Orbisonia, Huntingdon county, while engaged putting in a shaft, went into the wheel pit of Orbison's mill in that place, on the 7th, and while there a large stone by some means fell from the wall above and struck him on the side of the head, causing injuries which resulted in his death about four hours afterwards. He leaves a wife and three children.

—Will. J. Magehan, once an Ebensburg boy, now a man and a resident of Woodvale, had his right foot badly crushed by the reverse bar of his engine on the Pa. R R., a few days ago, in consequence of the ratchet failing to hold the bar in its proper place, thus causing it to fly back and catch Mr. M.'s foot with the result stated. He is likely to have a very troublesome pet for some time to come.

—The celebrated Howe Sewing Machine, for which V. S. Barker of this place is the agent, was awarded the first premium at the Johnstown Fair last week. This is a big thing for the Howe, but it is worthy of all such honors. Vallie sells the Howe machine on easy terms, or rents them by the month, and is ready to prove the superiority of the Howe in all emergencies and under all circumstances.

—The Herald's Johnstown correspondent tells about an old man who was killed by the same engine on the same day and within a few hundred yards of the same place where the old woman was killed, as reported by our correspondent, "Rob Roy," but he says he failed to learn the unfortunate man's name. We doubt the story, as we feel sure our correspondent would have learned the fact if there was any truth in it.

—The barn of Mr. Sebastian Holtz, in Chest township, with all it contained, consisting of his entire summer's crop of produce, hay, etc, was destroyed by fire on Friday afternoon last. A threshing machine was also burned, and one hog perished in the flames. The fire was communicated by a spark blown from a burning tree in a clearing near by. As Mr. Holtz is a poor man, and as his loss is very heavy for him, there being no insurance, we cannot too earnestly commend the effort now making for his relief. All solicited should freely contribute their mite for so deserving an object.

—The most appalling catastrophe that has ever visited any city of modern times has just laid waste fully two-thirds of the great city of Chicago, and although we devote much of our space to the details of the terrible conflagration, not half the tale of horror has been told. From every city, town, village and hamlet in the land should come pecuniary aid for the thousands upon thousands of suffering and starving people now begging for assistance in that fire scourged city, and we suggest that in all the churches of Ebensburg and elsewhere collections be taken up to morrow to assist the stricken ones of Chicago in their great and unparalleled distress.

—The large frame structure which Mr. Abel Lloyd is having erected as a summer resort near the station, in this place, is being pushed onward to completion at a rapid rate. When finished it will be the largest and handsomest building in our town, and the fine groves and excellent springs close at hand will add much to its attractions as a place of sojourn for summer visitors. Mr. Lloyd deserves much credit for the energy and public spirit he is manifesting, and we are led to believe that if Ebensburg had a few more such enterprising citizens it would not long remain the one horse village it now is, nor feel that the county seat was the only seat to sit down on contentedly.

The Vote of Cambria County.—We had made arrangements to publish the official vote of the county in full in our present issue, but the late hour at which the report of the return judges has been made up renders it impossible for us to put the returns in type and print our paper in time for the mails. We are therefore forced to content ourself for the present with the aggregate vote and majority in the county for each of the successful and defeated candidates, leaving details for our next issue:

Auditor General—M'Candless, D., 3,029; Stanton, R., 2,224. M'Candless' majority, 735.
Surveyor General—Cooper, D., 3,007; Beath, R., 2,263. Cooper's majority, 744.
President Judge—Banks, D., 2,818; Dean, R., 2,430; Taylor, Ind., 390. Banks' majority, 610.
Associate Judges—Lloyd, D., 3,057; Flanagan, D., 3,051; Jones, R., 2,367; Hamilton, R., 2,287. Lloyd's majority over Jones, 690; Flanagan's majority over Hamilton, 764.
State Senator—Wallace, D., 3,051; Merrill, R., 2,420. Wallace's majority, 621.
Assembly—Henry, R., 2,912; Rose, D., 2,505. Henry's majority, 407.
Prothonotary—Hite, D., 3,186; Teeter, R., 2,175. Hite's majority, 1,011.
District Attorney—Sechler, D., 3,012; Dick, R., 2,253. Sechler's majority, 759.
Treasurer—Cox, D., 3,012; Quinn, R., 2,296.—Cox's majority, 716.
Commissioner—M'Clelland, D., 3,025; Weaver, R., 2,556. M'Clelland's majority, 459.
P. H. Director—Farren, D., 2,887; Good, R., 2,549. Farren's majority, 337.
Surveyor—Scanlan, D., 3,010; Vickroy, R., 2,-397. Scanlan's majority, 613.
Auditor—Little, D., 2,984; Woleslagle, R., 2,416. Little's majority, 613.

In addition to the vote on the State tickets given above, there were just 69 ballots, all told, cast for Barr and Spangler, the temperance candidates for State offices, and among that number were few if any of the loudest and fussiest advocates of the temperance cause. Even the great mogul of the temperance movement in this county failed to vote as he shoots—his air gun—on that question. On the subject of calling a constitutional convention there were 6,604 votes given in favor and 196 in opposition to said convention.

Dean's majority in the judicial district is about 1,100. Judge Taylor's vote in the three counties will not exceed 1,500, and for even that he may thank democrats almost exclusively. Mr. Banks could have been elected.

The last Johnstown Echo says: Some several weeks since a well dressed, gentlemanly appearing person was through part of this county taking subscriptions for a book to be delivered during January and February. The book was represented as containing over 1,500 pages and bound in sheep, and was to be delivered at the very low price of one dollar. Several of the contracts have since turned up changed to notes of different sums. Swindlers of all kinds are traveling through the country at present, and it behooves all to keep their wits about them when dealing with strangers.

Fresh Bargains this Week!—Black and Colored Velveteens, from 50 cents up; latest styles Fall Hats and Frames; Fall Flowers, Ostrich Feathers, Black and Colored Silk Velvets, Sashes and Sash Ribbons, all at exceedingly low prices, at Mayer's popular New York Dry Goods, Millinery and Clothing Emporium, 212 and 214 Main street, Johnstown, Pa.

Local Correspondence.

Johnstown, Oct. 12, 1871.

Dear Freeman—My remarks last week in regard to the District Court were not very well received here, though I was really in earnest. In fact I did not state the case as strongly as it might be stated. If a court had ever been legally organized here, then the case would have been different. But the Supreme Court ousted the judges who at the first attempted to organize the District Court. If those judges had no right to sit they had no right to organize a court. In fact we never had a court. If the District Court had first been properly organized by competent men, it would have been a court, even though interrupted in its regular proceedings. Such a court is referred to in 5th Casey, but our court never had a legal being. An egg is not a chicken—a bud is not fruit—though in the egg and in the bud lie the latent germ from which the chicken and the fruit are developed. The Legislature gave us the right to have a court, but they did not give us a court. They invested us with power to create a court. We failed to elect judges, and the late appointments by the Governor were the first steps towards organizing a court. The old records are worth no more than the spurious records of Brigham Young's self constituted courts would be in a United States Court, and we think that if a judge appointed by the President of the United States would go to Utah and find a dozen of Gentiles bound in recognizances to appear at Brigham's court, he would discharge them; or if he found them in Brigham's self constituted prisons, he would grant writs of habeas corpus without delay. Our so-called District Court had no more right to sit than Brigham Young's judges have. Both were wrong ab initio. But enough of this

The very unpleasant fight here before the election about judges almost made us wish we had no court. We certainly need such a court as the law contemplates, but as soon as we got the hope of 'one our citizens made the offices a bone of contention. We are right sorry for this, but are glad that we are to have a court at last in spite of contentions.

It was my intention to give your readers a full account of the Fair in my present letter, but the selfishness of the managers, who refuse to give any information on the subject of premiums and diplomas, must be my excuse for failing to give the details. The Fair was a grand success pecuniarily. Great numbers of people were in attendance, but merchants did not realize their expectations in the sale of goods. The money of the pleasure seekers went for bets, games of chance, meats and drinks, and not for anything substantial. A dozen traps were laid to catch the people's money. One man had a gun and a target to shoot at; another had a grab bag with five dollars in it, somewhere, with a great many pieces of soap, and one had to pay one dollar for five grabs; another had a stand with some cabalistic numbers upon it, and a deck of cards to shuffle, after which one could draw a fortune of blanks; another had a circular board stuck full of penknives, and any one who could throw a little ring around a knife at so much a throw got the knife. All these things, together with horse-racing, present evil lessons to the youth of the land, a result which good people deplore. If all the departments at the Fair had been such as Mr. Akers superintended, and if gamblers had been excluded, then indeed would the exhibition have left wholesome impressions—There were some specialties there worth noting, however, a few of which I will refer to. Mrs. Lewis Plitt exhibited a magnificent picture of "The Last Supper," done in needle work by her own hands I believe. Mr. Swegler had on exhibition twenty-five pumpkins, all the product of one vine. Mr. Akers presented a display of flowers, fruits, and other curiosities, which could not be excelled. A large number of sewing machines were exhibited, but some of the proprietors disputed so much about the premiums that people became disgusted. The American combination button hole, overseaming and sewing machine, James Espy, corner of Fifth and Market streets, Pittsburgh, took one of the premiums. The machine is a good one, I have no doubt, especially the button-hole attachment. The agent left quite elated. Miss Letitia Canan had some beautiful artificial wax-work designs on exhibition. Mr. Fend had the only oil paintings that were there. Mr. Green had photographs in profusion, and Mr. Davis had musical instruments. There were hundreds of other interesting articles on exhibition, but as they were all nameless, so let them be nameless forever more. Why all means for obtaining information were shut out is a mystery to me, but such was the fact.

An old lady named Myers was killed on the Penna. Rail Road, opposite Perkinsville, on Friday last, by the Pacific Express eastward bound. She was engaged at the time in picking up potatoes, which by some means had become scattered along the track, and although the engine whistle and bell both sounded, she was either too deaf to hear or too intent on her work to heed the warning, and the result was that the locomotive struck her and knocked her against a pile of wood with such violence as to mangle her body terribly and produce instant death. Coroner Harrold held an inquest. The family lives in Cambria borough.

Evan Evans of Woodvale was badly injured in the mines on Saturday last. He had his head bruised and his back sprained by the falling of slate from the upper part of the mine. He is getting better slowly.

John Butler, a brakesman on the Union Line Emigrant train, was killed at East Conemaugh station, on Monday night last, by coming in contact with the coal scaffold in that place, which is too low. He was knocked under the cars and run over, and had one leg cut off at the hip, and the other below the knee, and died at 7 o'clock on Tuesday morning. He was a young man, and was a son of Mr. Wm. Butler, of Wilmore.

The news from Chicago cast a dampener over the town here, notwithstanding the political excitement. We hope the fire is subdued by this time.

S. B. M'Cormick has invented a sun dial that keeps correct time, by a movable gnomon or style, which can be raised or lowered to suit the sun's northern declination.

The election is over and the regularly nominated ticket for District Court judges and clerk ran ahead five to one.

The Kernville bridge is now free, though some people do not know it. We were greatly amused at a farmer the other morning, who drove through the creek with a heavy load on his wagon, in order to save the toll.

C. S. C. wants to know why people catch soft water when it rains hard, The reason is that soft people are generally hard cases.

Rob Roy.

P. S. I understand that there will be some difficulty in deciding which of the sewing machines shall get the premium So far as we know the Original Elias Howe sewing machine of Mr. Lincoln, Pittsburgh, was the best machine at the fair. S. A. Wagstaff is the agent here. It is the simplest and the strongest machine, and sews everything from tissue paper up to the heaviest cloth. I now speak of the family machine. The manufacturing machine of the same make had no opposition at the Fair. The Elias Howe medallion family sewing machine opens up on hinges to be oiled, which is a great advantage. R. R.

Bear Story.—On Saturday last Nicholas Wickers, living on Mill Run, went to the mountain to gather chestnuts. He was accompanied by a portion of his family, a dog and his gun. After having "bumped" a tree, he set out to put another one through the same process, leaving his little daughter under the former tree gathering up the nuts which he had brought to the ground. While thus engaged, he was startled by the screams of the little girl, and upon repairing to the scene of the outcries, he was horrified at discovering a huge bear in the act of gobbling up his child. Both himself and the dog went for Mr. Bruin, who thinking discretion the better part of valor fled. We give the above as it was told us.—Altoona Tribune.

Fresh Bargains this Week!—Black and Colored Velveteens, from 50 cents up; latest styles Fall Hats and Frames; Fall Flowers, Ostrich Feathers, Black and Colored Silk Velvets, Sashes and Sash Ribbons—all at exceedingly low prices—at Mayer's popular New York Dry Goods, Millinery and Clothing Emporium, 212 and 214 Main street, Johnstown.

Extremes meet—The lowest prices and best Clothing at W. & B.'s.

Without a Newspaper.—Nothing presents a sadder commentary upon the present unhealthy condition of our once loved and prosperous country than the large number of families, both in the town and country, but more especially in the latter, that subscribe for no paper of any kind Hundreds and thousands of families are thus growing up in utter ignorance of what is transpiring in the world around them and ignorant of the mighty events of the day.

But who can tell the vast amount of misery that is being inflicted upon the rising generation—those who are to take our place in the busy world at no distant day—growing up without any knowledge of the present, the past, or any study of the future, this ignorance too, being imbued into them by the sanction of those who should, and doubtless do, know better, did they only think of the injurious effect of their insane course. Let the head of every family think of this, and place in the hands of those for whom he is responsible the means of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the moving panorama in which we enact our different parts

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Shooting Affray.—A man named William Marshall, who resides near Blairsville, was lodged in the jail in this place, on Saturday last, charged with shooting a Mr. Robert Russell, of Blairsville. The circumstances were about as follows: Marshall has, for a year past, had a bitter grudge against Thompson Adams, who formerly kept hotel in Blairsville. Last Thursday evening, while Adams and Russell were standing on the sidewalk, Marshall approached to within about ten paces of them, and deliberately drawing a pistol, shot at Adams The ball, however, struck Russell in the forehead, inflicting a very dangerous, and perhaps fatal wound. Adams at once became aware of his danger, and fled down the street, Marshall firing a second shot at him, without effect. Another person, named Beatty was in company with Marshall at the time of the occurrence, and he was arrested as an accessory.—Indiana Messenger.

LOOK AT THIS!—Benton & Wayne, wholesale and retail dealers in Hardware, &c., Nos. 208 and 210 Main street, Johnstown, offer at remarkably low prices the following among many first class articles:

Sleigh Runners, No. 1, ...$1.10 per pair.
Rough Shafts, " ..... 70 " "
Finished Shafts, " ..... 1.10 " "
100 set Wagon Hubs.
100 set Wagon Spokes.
100 set Wagon Felloes.

Iron and Nails, all sizes; Glass, Putty, Window Sash, Sole Leather, Upper Leather, Calf Skins, Shoe Findings, and a full stock of Hardware, Ropes, &c., at the very lowest cash prices, at Benton & Wayne's,
[9-23.-2m.*] 208 & 210 Main St., Johnstown.

Just the Thing!—Economy and comfort has at last been combined in the matter of a Spring Bed Bottom, and the result may now be seen at the cabinet ware establishment of Mr. Robert Evans, in this place, that gentleman having bought the right of this county for Glenn's Patent Wooden Spring Bed Bottom, certainly the most simple, satisfactory and cheapest invention of the kind that has yet been introduced to the public, of which the strong testimonials in its favor from well known gentlemen in Pittsburg bear ample proof. Mr. Evans is prepared to manufacture and fit these patent bottoms to any kind of a bed for five dollars each, or will sell shop rights on most reasonable terms. Everybody should go and see this new and desirable invention.

The Highland Fair.—Johnstown has good cause to be proud of the success of its Highland Fair, but when it comes to the highland fair of nature's own handiwork Ebensburg is sure to carry off the prize. To see a bevy of the fair creatures of this vicinity neatly dressed in handsome apparel, the material whereof they bought, where ladies are so prone to go, at V. S. Barker's popular dry goods and grocery emporium, is a sight worth any man's while to look at. Vallie is closing out a fine stock of summer goods at a wonderful reduction in prices, and the highland fair, as well as everybody else, should endeavor to get a share of the bargains now going at that establishment.

John J. Murphy, of the Mansion House corner, Johnstown, charges nothing for exhibiting choice dry goods for fall and winter. Therefore every body ought to buy from him. This is not exactly a syllogysm, but it is a self-evident proposition, and that is much better than any of your silly gisms. Mr. Murphy and his chief clerk are *par nobile fratrem*, and this is not ironical, and he keeps *bonus, melior, optimus* dry goods, fancy goods, notions, cloths and cassimeres, coverlets, and nearly everything else; and remember that the time to begin to buy fall goods is immediately after the fall election, when winter goods are also in order. Now, go!

Greatly Reduced.—Notwithstanding the immense stock of ready-made clothing laid in by James J. Murphy just before the fair, his sales were so large as to greatly reduce that stock; because he sold at greatly reduced prices. He has, however, sent east for another car load of cheap and durable clothing, for men and boys, which he will have upon his shelves before this notice reaches the reader. He can be found at No. 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, at the Star Clothing Store, where he is ever ready to oblige customers in the exhibition and sale of everything in the clothing line. Now is the time to prepare for a hard winter.

New Hats.—There was a great display of new hats at the late fair, and nearly all were from L. Cohen's Cheap Hat Parlor Store. Cohen's hats being very superior in style and quality can be known anywhere. The large number of hats and caps he sold just before the fair would indicate that the head coverings worn at the fair were bought at No. 227 Main street, Johnstown. Cohen keeps the only regular built hat store in Johnstown—he keeps a very large supply—he sells good cheap—he has only one price and he always sells on the square. Mind No. 227 Main street.

What is Said.—'Tis said that absence conquers love—'tis said the turtle is a dove—'tis said that life on the ocean wave is apt to make a lubber cave—'tis said that lips with whisky wet will soon be dry again, you bet—'tis said that might is right in many a case, and—and—and—'tis said that Geo. Huntley's extensive stove, hardware, tinware, grocery and general variety depot is just the place to get suited in very many articles that are entirely indispensible to the human race. Go and see, and if we have misled you, call us a ill—able to error chap to our very face—or any where else.

Many valuable horses die from the effects of colic. The best thing to do in a case of this kind is to pour a bottle of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* into a long neck junk bottle, add half pint of molasses and water, then pour the whole down the horse's throat. In ten minutes the horse will begin to eat.

Parson's Purgative Pills will greatly relieve, if not entirely cure, dyspepsia, when everything else fails. They have been tried in some desperate cases, and have given more relief than any other medicine.

Autumn.—The weather, cold frosty and clear, betokens that Autumn is once again here and should remind one and all that the proper time for to call on George Huntly is at the earliest day practicable, for this is the season for putting up stoves and adjusting stove pipes, and George you know is the right man for the emergency. You will save a good many cuss words and much cash by buying stoves, pipe, etc., at the Ebensburg house-furnishing emporium.

Good Advice.—A bit of advice let us give you, how that its getting quite cold, and it is this—think not we'll deceive you or aught but the truth will unfold—if you wish to get the worth of your money and such goods as cold weather demands, you'll never do better, my honey, than you can do at all times and under all circumstances at Andy Christy's cheapest of of all cheap dry goods grocery, drug and general variety stands—over in Loretto.

The election is over, heigho! heigho!—the election is over, heigho! The wrong party has won, and we're badly undone, and our rooster has run like a son of a gun—and—and—notwithstanding all this and a great deal more, we'll all buy of we want to buy in the way of watches, jewelry, fancy goods, notions, stationery, tobacco, cigars, etc., at C. T. Roberts' great, elegant and cheap store, just the same as if no election had ever been held.

Fresh Bargains this Week.—Black and Colored Velveteens, from 50 cents up; latest styles Ladies' Fall Hats and Frames; Fall Flowers, Ostrich Feathers, Black and Colored Silk Velvets, Sashes and Sash Ribbons—all at exceedingly low prices—at Mayer's popular New York Dry Goods, Millinery and Clothing Emporium, 212 and 214 Main street, Johnstown.

Look Here!—That's what the Herald says, and we have just as good a right to say it as the Herald. But what we want you to look here for is, that E. J. Mills has just received a new lot of extra family flour made of new wheat and warranted to be tip-top and a sure pop on every bake. Also feed in profusion and at prices very moderate.

The great cause of so many young people being gray headed is on account of their having used the vile compounds which have flooded the market so long. Nature's Hair Restorative is a sure remedy for this. *Clear as crystal; no poison; perfectly sweet, clean and reliable.*—Lemmon & Murray sell it. See advertisement.

Among the Doctors who take their own medicine may be counted the great Advertising Agents, Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of No. 40 Park Row, New York. They are themselves among the largest advertisers in the country, and know, by experience, when and how to advertise to advantage.

Would cover 3 Acres—Wanamaker & Brown's Immense Salesrooms.

Hickey's Furniture Warerooms.—John Hickey, Undertaker, on Julian street, Fourth Ward, Altoona, is prepared to supply Metalic Burial Cases of all sizes and patterns, and on reasonable terms.

Mr. Hickey keeps constantly on hand a large stock of new and fashionable furniture, and those who require anything in his line should give him a call. Every article sent from his rooms will be warranted as represented.

Hair and Straw Matrasses manufactured to order at less than city prices.

Cane seat chairs re-caned and fitted up as good as new.

All orders from a distance promptly attended to. [jul.13.-tf.]

Everybody wants it—Frazier's California Herb Bitters.

Nobody can take Frazier's vegetable California Herb Bitters and remain long unwell.

Dr. Frazier's vegetable California Herb Bitters will cure nearly all the diseases that flesh is heir to.

Are you sick?—Then read the advertisement headed, "Millions Bear Testimony," &c.

The success of Frazier's California Herb Bitters is now established beyond a doubt.

Sold only in bottles—Frazier's California Herb Bitters. [aug.10.-tf.]

IRON CITY COLLEGE,
PITTSBURGH, PA.,

The best conducted, most popular and successful institution in the United States, for the thorough, practical education of young and middle aged men. ☞ For large descriptive circulars, containing full particulars, address
jul.27.3m. J. C. SMITH, A. M., Principal.

Gray hair may be made to take on its youthful color and beauty by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, the best preparation for the Hair known to the science of medicine and chemistry.

A Great Corner—5th & Market Sts., Phila., W. & B.'s Oak Hall.

OBITUARY.

Riffle.—Died, at Summitville, on Saturday last, after a short illness, Mr. James M. Riffle, aged about 52 years.

Mr. Riffle came from Maryland to this county with his parents when he was quite young, and for the last thirty-five years he was a resident of Summitville. In his early life he was engaged for a long time in the mercantile business, but eventually purchased the old and well known "Mansion House" hotel, of which he was proprietor for many years prior to his death. He was well and favorably known throughout the county, and indeed throughout the State, and by his kind and genial nature and social disposition won hosts of true friends, who will learn with exceeding regret of his decease in the vigor and fullness of life. May he rest in peace eternal.

Hutchinson.—Died, in this place, on the night of the 11th inst., Deckie, infant daughter of J. Todd and Nannie F. Hutchinson, aged 4 months and 12 days.

T. W. Dick, Attorney-at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row.—All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-14.tf.]

Male Teacher Wanted.—A Male Teacher is wanted to take charge of the Loretto District School for the term of six months. Salary to be regulated according to the qualification of the Teacher. For further information apply to
J. E. SHIELDS, Secretary.
Loretto, Oct. 14, 1871.-3t.

Notice.—All persons are hereby notified that I have bought at public sale the following personal property: 3 Beds and Bedding, 1 two horse Spring Wagon, 1 Sorrel Mare, 1 Bay Mare, 2 Cows, 2 Yearling Calves, 1 Table, 6 Chairs, and a lot of Saw Logs, and have left the same with Joseph Young, in Carroll township, during my pleasure. Any person interfering therewith will do so at his peril.
ANDREW YOUNG, Jr.
Blacklick Twp., Oct. 14, 1871.-3t.*

Administrator's Notice.
Estate of William Russell, dec'd.
Letters of Administration on the estate of William Russell, late of Washington township, deceased, having been granted to the subscriber by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that payment must be made without delay, and to those holding claims against the same notice is given to present their respective accounts duly authenticated for settlement.
J. S. KIEL, Administrator.
Sonman, Oct. 14, 1871.-4t.*

L. D. Sine's Gift Enterprise

Established in 1854.

The only RELIABLE GIFT DISTRIBUTION in the country!

$60,000.00
IN VALUABLE GIFTS!
TO BE DISTRIBUTED IN
L. D. SINE'S
132nd REGULAR MONTHLY
Gift Enterprise!
To be drawn Monday, Nov. 27, 1871.
Two Grand Capitals of
$5,000 each in Greenbacks!
Two Prizes $1,000 Each
Five Prizes $500 Each
Ten Prizes $100 Each
GREENBACKS
WHOLE NUMBER OF CASH GIFTS. 1,000!
1 Horse and Buggy, with Silver-mounted Harness, worth $600.
One Fine-toned Rosewood Piano, worth $500!
TEN FAMILY SEWING MACHINES, WORTH $100 EACH!
Five Heavy Cased Gold Hunting Watches and Heavy Gold Chains, worth $300 each!
Five Gold American Hunting Watches, worth $150 each.
TEN LADIES' GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, worth $125 each!
$60 *Gold and Silver Lever Hunting Watches (in all) worth from* $20 to $300 *each.*
Ladies' Gold Leontine Chains, Gent's Gold Vest Chains, Silver-plated Castors, Solid Silver and Double Plated Table and Tea Spoons, Ivory-Handled Dinner Knives, Silver-plated Dinner Forks, Silver Vest Chains, Photograph Albums, Ladies' Gold Breastpins and Ear-rings, Gent's Gold Breastpins, Shirt Studs & Sleeve Buttons, Finger-rings, Gold Pens, (silver-extension,) &c.
Whole number Gifts, 6,000. Tickets Limited to 60,000.
AGENTS WANTED to Sell Tickets, to whom Liberal Premiums will be given.
Single Tickets $1; Six Tickets $5; Twelve Tickets $10; Twenty-five Tickets $20.
Circulars containing a full list of prizes, a description of the manner of drawing, and other information in reference to the Distribution, will be sent to any one ordering them. All letters must be addressed to
L. D. SINE, Box 86,
OFFICE, 101 W. 5th St., CINCINNATI, O.

Executor's Notice.—Whereas Letters Testamentary to the Estate of Anthony Anstadt, late of Chest township, dec'd, have been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims are desired to present them in proper shape for settlement.
ANTHONY ANNA, Executor.
Chest Twp., Sept. 23, 1871.-4t.

WANAMAKER

FALL BULLETIN.

CAUSES!

We have bought more largely, and therefore more cheaply, than ever before.

We have selected EVERY PIECE of Goods with the utmost care, and had EVERY YARD examined, and well SPONGED before making-up.

We have rejected all COTTON Goods, and have manufactured nothing but ALL WOOL.

We have studied all the New Styles—English, French, and American—and have adopted only the best, together with many New Designs originated by Ourselves.

We have made many improvements in Making-up, and have more confidence than ever in the superiority of our Workmanship.

We have labored to suit all tastes, and have Plain Styles as well as more Fashionable Cuts, and every variety of Shade and Material.

We have determined to do a Larger Trade than ever, and so have combined every Inducement that can possibly be offered.

OAK HALL, MARKET AND SIXTH STS.
AND
OAK HALL, MARKET AND SIXTH STS.
BROWN.

1871.
AUTUMN.

CONSEQUENCES!

Our Stock is even more varied, and our Prices even lower, than ever before.

Our Clothing will more than sustain its reputation of being the most Reliable and Durable in the market.

Our Customers will be in no danger of having "Cotton Stuff" palmed off on them.

Our Fall Clothing has a Stylishness and Genteel Appearance which cannot fail to attract and please all Gentlemen of good taste.

Our present Stock will be less liable than any other to any of the mishaps which sometimes befall other Ready-Made Clothing.

Our Stock is sure to contain what will suit all classes and conditions of Men and Boys, both as to Goods and Prices.

Our Customers, old and new, will be delighted with our preparations for the present Fall and Winter Trade.

OAK HALL, MARKET AND SIXTH STS.
AND
OAK HALL, MARKET AND SIXTH STS.
BROWN.

Improve your Sight
by the use of
PYKE'S
PARABOLA SPECTACLES.
Manufactory at Utica, N. Y.

LEMMON & MURRAY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,
FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES,
Books, Stationery, Jewelry, &c., &c.
EBENSBURG, PA.,
are appointed Agents for the sale of the above CELEBRATED SPECTACLES.
Persons wearing Glasses, or those in need of them, will do well to call, in *every case we guarantee to suit the sight perfectly.*
NO PEDDLERS EMPLOYED. [10-7.-1y.]

Caution!—All persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing or otherwise interfering with the following personal property owned by me and left in the possession of William A. Bagley, of Carroll township, Cambria county, viz: 1 Bay Horse and Harness, 1 Sorrel Horse and Harness, 2 Plows, 2 Harrows, 1 Log Sled, 1 two horse Sled,

The National Game.

Who should I meet but Sam Skingame, made up like a regular swell, full suit of black, stove pipe hat, patent leather boots, and all.

"What's the lay, Sam?" sez I.—"What's yer little game?"

"The nashunal game," sez Sam. "I'm a member and stockholder of the Dirty Stockings."

"Yes, but what's the game? Is it 'bones' or 'papers?'" sez I, kinder ignorin' the stockings.

"It's the one-ball game," sez Sam. "The Nashunal Game of Base Ball. Want to jine?"

"Well, I don't mind," sez I, "but I'd like to be left out of wearing the stockings till cooler weather."

"Stow that," sez Sam. "Dirty Stockings is the pet name of our professional nine."

So Sam agreed to let me have some of his stock and some brads to pay for membership and we went to the Chatean grounds to see the first game for the championship between the Dirty Stockings and the Soiled Shirts of Sedalia. It was hot as blazes, but you may pick me up for a flat if there warn't more than three thousand people sitting there in the sun.

Pretty soon the game began. The first they did was to select an umpire. An umpire's duty is to stan' out one side and holler, an' to make a sure thing of it, every once in a while, he sings out, "One bawl!" "Two bawl!" After they had stood the umpire out in the sun, one of the Dirty Stockings picked up a big club and stood over a little iron plate like a pavior with a rammer.

Three other chaps went and stood on three little sail loft cushions; three other fellows winked at each other and got as far out in the field as they could; another man planted himself about fifteen feet from one of the chaps on the little cushions. Sam says they call this man short stop, because he don't stop there long before his head is caved in by the ball.—Then a player stood behind the chap on the little iron plate an' another went in front of him and began to pitch a ball at his head, and he dodged it, an' then the chap behind him would chuck it back.

Time by the feller that held the full hand of clubs got mad, struck the ball an' drove it into the short-stop man's stom ach, flung his club back an' knocked out the front teeth of the man behind; then he ran at one of the chaps on the little cushions, knocked him down and stamped on him, and went for the chap on the next cushion; but the ball got there somehow b fore him, and the chap on the second cushion grabbled it and fetched him a pelt side of the head as he came up. Then the umpire yelled, "Out!" The crowd cheered, the wounded were carried off in an ambulance, new men put in their places and they began all over again.

I asked Sam if anybody ever got hurt playing the nashunal game?

"Not enough to interfere with the game," sez Sam. "We've located our grounds very near the city hospitals; have our own ambulance, coroner and undertaker, and the doctor brings the medical students over to all the matches to study surgery. We did have a life and accident insurance agent; but the first two matches failed his company."

Sam says that when the nashunal game was first introduced, men used to play for fun and exercise; but since John Morrissey, Jim Fisk and our kind have taken the game up, they have to pay a member of the professional nine a thousand dollars for the season, his doctor's bill and all he can make through his friends' inside bets.

You can bet your pile the nashunal game's a big thing.

A WEDDING SPOILED.

James Francis, a young carpenter of Port Richmond, Staten Island, is a fine fellow, but lacks backbone. He fell in love with Miss Elmira Simpson of West New Brighton, a pretty maid of 22, and after a courtship of a year concluded to marry her without informing his father. He sat down the wedding day for last Wednesday a week ago.—transactions for the union were speedily and properly made.

He rented a two-story cottage, surrounded by trees and clambering vines, furnished it, supplied it with groceries, wood and coal, and finally on the morning of the appointed day took his bride-to-be and her mother there. As the afternoon wore away, Miss Elmira set a table with wines and cakes, and, that done, proceeded to complete her wedding toilet.

Meantime a carriage had rolled up to the door, and waited to take the pair to the minister's. The bridegroom (in anticipation) had been carrying coal and wood into the house all the afternoon. At about 5 o'clock, his labors having been concluded and his wedding outfit having arrived from the tailor's, he told Miss Elmira that he was going to the barber's to get shaved, and would soon be back.

"Wait with supper for me," said he.

She said she would. She waited. She waited long. In her white dress and bride's veil she waited; but he came not.

The fact was, on his way to the barber's he father met him, and after some talk, persuaded him to turn aside from the road which led to the variagated pole, and to return to the home of his childhood. That evening one of Miss Elmira's brothers visited the house of the elder Francis. He seemed perplexed. He inquired for Mr. Francis.

"I am Mr. Francis," replied the bridegroom's father.

"Yes, I know," replied the visitor; "but I mean your son, Mr. James Francis."

"Why, what do you want of him?"

"Well," said the young visitor, with some hesitation, "I am Miss Elmira Simpson's brother. Your son was to have married my sister this evening. She is waiting for him, we are all waiting for him, but he is not to be found."

"I can tell you where he is," said the elder Francis. "You go back, young man, and tell the folks that I put my son to bed two or three hours ago."

Later in the evening the guests arrived, and a number of the young couple's friends serenaded the two story cottage.

The next morning the disappointed bride roamed through the village in search of her recreant lover. Finding him at last in a public place, she put her fist under his nose. He retreated.

Miss Elmira Simpson is now in possession of a cottage, rent paid for one month, furnished throughout, and provided with provisions and fuel. Mr. James Francis is in possession of his bachelorhood. What it was that influenced him so powerfully when his father met him on the way to the barber's no one knows. The elder Francis says he knows it, and that's enough.—*N Y Sun.*

MILLIONS BEAR TESTIMONY
TO THEIR
WONDERFUL CURATIVE EFFECTS.
DR. FRAZIER'S
CALIFORNIA HERB BITTERS

A true medicine, manufactured from pure juices or vital principles of Herbs, Roots, Barks, Flowers, &c., embracing twenty-one species, found growing on the golden mountains of California, parts of South America, and India—all possessing wonderful well-known curative powers, and are offered to all people, of whatever kingdom, land, nation, name, or color, as the best medicinal preparation ever discovered for the cure of

DYSPEPSIA,

Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, General Debility, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Flux, Cramp, Biliousness, Headache, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Chills, Fever and Ague, and for the relief and cure of Affections of the Bladder and Kidneys, Pains in the Back and Loins, and Eruptive Diseases, such as Scrofula, Tumors, Pimples, &c., arising from impurity of the blood.

☞ For sale by all Druggists. [au.10.-1y.]

WHOLESALE BOOTS AND SHOES.

H. CHILDS & CO.
Boots and Shoes
AT VERY LOW PRICES,
AT
H. CHILDS & CO.'S,
133 WOOD STREET,
PITTSBURGH.

A large Stock of Nailed Brogans, for Miners and Furnace Men, constantly on hand, which we sell from 10 to 20 cents per pair below the usual market rates. [July 27, 1871.-3m.]

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.
WM. P. PATTON,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
—ALL KINDS OF—
CABINET FURNITURE
Nos. 150 and 152 Linton Street,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,	Cain Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat Chairs,
Washstands,	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards,

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE
made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and Chairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.
Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

KEYSTONE BOLT WORKS.
HUBLEY, ADAMS & CO.,
No. 5 MARKET Street,
PITTSBURGH, PA.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
CARRIAGE AND TIRE BOLTS,
PLOW AND MACHINE BOLTS,
NORWAY CARRIAGE BOLTS,
BRIDGE AND ROOF BOLTS,
SCREW HOOK HINGES,
[9-14.3m.] WAGON BOX STRAPS

JAMES F. MILLIKEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

Special attention given to the collection of claims in Blair, Cambria, Huntingdon, Bedford, Centre and Clearfield counties.

Parties wishing to purchase, rent, lease, sell or exchange real estate will find it greatly to their interests to call on or address me.

☞ Correspondence in either English or German solicited.

REFERENCES—Wm. Mann, Esq., Messrs. Morgan, Bush & Co., Gen'l C. H. T. Collis, Philadelphia; Messrs. J. T. Way & Bro., W. M. Gormley, Esq., H. B. Swoope, Esq., Pittsburg; Hon. John Scott, Huntingdon; Hon. S. S. Blair, Hollidaysburg; Hon. B. F. Rose, Altoona; D. W. Woods, Esq., Lewistown; Cyrus Elder, Esq., Johnstown; Wm. P. Wilson, Esq., Bellefonte. [1-12.-1y.]

REAL ESTATE AGENCY
—OF—
GEO. W. OATMAN & CO.
Office in Colonade Row.

Several parties wish to secure Houses in Ebensburg at fair rents.

Houses and Lots are for rent on fair terms.

Give us a description and price of what you have for rent.

Let us know what kind of a House or House and Lot you wish to secure as a tenant.

Have you *REAL or PERSONAL PROPERTY* you wish to sell, or do you wish to buy?

COME AND SEE US AT ONCE!

☞ Our terms are reasonable for all services relative to above matters. See "Real Estate Gazette." GEO. W. OATMAN & CO.
Ebensburg, Feb. 4, 1871.-tf.

JOHN MALIPHANT,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Fresh Fish, Oysters, Vegetables, Fruits, &c.
No 93 Market Street,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Western Fish, at..... 8c. to 10c. per lb.
Fresh Shad, at..... 10c. per lb.
or 25c. apiece, or four for $1.00.
Extra No. 2 Mackerel, per bbl., at..... $11.00
Extra No. 2 Mackerel, per half bbl., at..... 6.75
Extra No. 2 Mackerel, per quarter, at..... 3.75
Extra No. 2 Mackerel, per kit, at..... 2.00

He also keeps on hand all kinds of Vegetables, Fresh Butter, etc., which he receives daily.

☞ Will visit Ebensburg, Carrolltown and Loretto each week during the season.
May 27, 1871.-tf.

LORETTO MARBLE WORKS.
PRICES REDUCED!
And Work Warranted!

MONUMENTS, Tomb Stones, Bureau and Table Tops, made of the finest Italian Marble and in style of workmanship not surpassed by any manufacturers. Give me a call before deciding upon purchasing or ordering work elsewhere. JAMES WILKINSON.
Loretto, April 22, 1871.-tf.

GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS.
Rifles, Double and Single Barrel.
Shot Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition.

Sporting Goods, Rifle Barrels, Locks, Mountings Gun Materials, &c. Send for a Price List. Address J. H. JOHNSTON, *Great Western Gun Works*, 179 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

☞ N. B. Army Carbines, Rifles and Revolvers bought or traded for.

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, High street, opposite Union School House,) West Ward, Ebensburg, Pa.—M. M. O'NEILL, Proprietor. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

NEW FIRM IN AN OLD STAND
COME and SEE!
GOOD GOODS & GREAT BARGAINS
FOR THE READY CASH!

HAVING become proprietors of the STORE ROOM and STOCK OF GOODS recently belonging to H. J. Shoemaker & Co., and having purchased an additional

STOCK OF NEW GOODS
IN GREAT VARIETY,

we are now prepared to supply all the old customers of the late firm, and as many new ones as will patronize us, with Goods of all kinds at

PRICES FULLY AS LOW

as any other merchant in or out of Cambria county. It is our intention to keep our Store constantly stocked with a full and well selected assortment of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, CLOTHING, CARPETS, FURNITURE, OIL CLOTHS, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, TOBACCO, CIGARS, and all other articles, large or small, that can be found in any store of like character in the county; and as we intend to

SELL EXCLUSIVELY for CASH
OR COUNTRY PRODUCE,

and make no bad debts, we feel sure that our stock and our prices will not only secure but retain for us a liberal share of patronage.

EARLY VISITS FROM ONE AND ALL

are respectfully solicited, and if we fail to render entire satisfaction, both as regards the quality of our goods and the prices asked for them; it will certainly be no fault of the new firm at the old stand of Shoemaker & Co., High street. Don't forget to call and we'll not forget to give you full value for your money.

MYERS & LLOYD.
Ebensburg, Jan. 28, 1871.-tf.

EBENSBURG
FOUNDRY!
J. A. SHOEMAKER,
Manufacturer, and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
THRESHING MACHINES,
HORSE POWERS,
WIND MILLS;
PLOWS AND PLOW POINTS,
SHOVEL PLOWS,
CULTIVATORS;
HEATING AND COOKING STOVES
OF EVERY DESIGN AND PRICE;
Church, School and Dinner BELLS;
CAST IRON FENCING,
KETTLES, AND CAST HOLLOW WARE
of every description, &c., &c.
ALL WORK WARRANTED!!

☞ Special attention paid to the repairing of all kinds of Stoves, Farming Utensils, &c.

All orders promptly attended to. Old metal, grain, etc., taken in exchange for work.
Ebensburg, July 1, 1871.-3m.

REMOVAL AND ENLARGEMENT
COOKING STOVES,
HEATING STOVES.
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE.

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

LANE BROTHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO
B. WOLFF, Jr., & CO.,
Importers and Dealers in
HARDWARE!
At the old well known stand.
Cor. Liberty & Sixth (late St. Clair) Sts.
PITTSBURGH, PA.,

Are now receiving a full assortment of Hardware for the Fall and winter trade. Our recent fire having destroyed all our former stock, we are enabled to offer an

ENTIRE NEW LINE OF GOODS,

FOUGHT AT PRESENT PRICES, and which we are prepared to sell at the **lowest possible rates.** Special attention called to our Large Variety of

House Builders' Hardware,
Carpenters' and Blacksmiths' Tools,
Agricultural Implements.
House Furnishing Goods,
Table and Pocket Cutlery,
Meat Cutters, Sleigh Bells, &c.

Liberal arrangements made with Peddlers, and parties having orders for goods in our line. Our wholesale Catalogue mailed to all Dealers desiring it. Send for one! [aug.10.-2m.]

EXCURSION TICKET!

GOOD FOR NINETY DAYS.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

EBENSBURG TO SAN FRANCISCO,

AND RETURN.

☞ The person holding this Ticket is entitled to one First-Class passage, on foot or horseback, to San Francisco and return, provided said person's Photograph is first taken at

SPENCE'S GALLERY,
HIGH STREET, EBENSBURG, PA.

EXCURSION TICKET!

Andrew Moses,
DRAPER & TAILOR,
CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

AUCTION! AUCTION!

HAVING been commissioned by Governor Geary to act as *AUCTIONEER* in and for the Borough of Ebensburg, I am now prepared to receive and sell at Public auction all kinds of Goods, Wares, Merchandise, &c., and also attend to the duties of auctioneer at all sales of Lands, Tenements, Live Stock, Household Furniture, &c., &c., within the limits of said Borough. *Terms moderate.* Inquire at No. 100 High Street. M. L. OATMAN,
Ebensburg, pril 22, 1871.-tf.

Death of the Author of "Beautiful Snow."

A few years ago there appeared in an American newspaper published in one of the Western States an exquisite poem, entitled "Beautiful Snow." The beauty of the composition secured its republication in numerous journals, and at length it found its way to England, accompanied by the story that the original had been discovered upon the person of a young woman who had been frozen to death in the streets of St. Louis. For a long time the author preserved his *incognito*, while numerous claimants sought to establish their right to its authorship and the honors appertaining thereto. S he who knew the true history of the poem knew also the cause of its author's reticence in giving his name to the world. Some months since the secret was revealed, and Maj r Sigourney, nephew of the celebrated poetess of that name, became known as the writer.—The April number of Harper's Magazine contains a companion poem, entitled "Beautiful Child," which is marked by all the elegance of diction and deep religious feeling characteristic of its predecessor. Who could have thought that in a few weeks its gifted author would fill a suicide's grave? Yet such is the case. We learn from a contemporary that, on the night of April 22d, Major Sigourney was found dead in the outskirts of New York, under circumstances leading to the belief that he had shot himself. He had in early life married a Miss ——, a lady of great personal attractions, and with her made a voyage to Europe.—During their absence rumors unfavorable to her character reached the Sigourney family. The reports seem to have been well founded, for shortly after her return to New York she showed that the cu se of the nineteenth century—the demon Drink—had added another name to its list of victims. She abandoned her husband, became an outcast, and was next heard of as an inmate of the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. Her husband's love was still sufficiently strong to induce him to make another effort to save her, and through his influence she was released, only again to desert her home. In the winter of 1863 the papers spoke of a young and beautiful woman having been found dead under the snow in a disreputable street in New York. Something seemed to tell Sigourney that the body was that of his wife. Upon making inquiries he found that his surmises were only too true, and after claiming the remains he had them interred in that picture-que "silent city" which overlooks the busy harbor of New York. The story of that erring wife was told in the touching language of "Beautiful Snow." What wonder that he shunned the publicity that its authorship would have conferred! The late Henry J. Raymond, then editor of the New York Times, was for years the friend of Major Sigourney, and obtained for him employment as a journalist, which declining health compelled him to abandon. The circumstances connected with his death remain a mystery. Not even his child, for whom he always displayed the tenderest affection, can throw any light upon it. The latest effort of his genius is displayed in the poem already referred to.

BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

"Beautiful child by the mother's knee,
In the mystic future what fate thou be?
A demon of sin or angel sublime—
A poison Upas or fragrant thyme—
A spirit of evil flashing down
With the lurid light of a fiery crown—
Or gliding up with a shining track
Like the morning star that ushers day back.
Dalntiest dreamer that ever smiled.
Which wilt thou be, my beautiful child?

"Beautiful child in my garden bowers,
Friend of the butterflies, birds and flowers—
Pure as the sparkling crystalline stream,
Jewels of truth in thy fairy eyes beam.
Was there ever a whiter soul than thine
Worshipped by love in a mortal shrine?
My heart thou hast gladdened for two sweet years
With rainbows of hope through mists of tears
Mists beyond which thy sunny smile
With its halo of glory beams all the while.

"Beautiful child, in thy look is given
A gleam serene, not of earth, but heaven;
With thy tell-tale eyes and prattling tongue,
Would thou couldst ever thus be young!
Like the liquid strains of the mocking bird
From stair to hall thy voice is heard;
How oft in the garden nooks thou'rt found,
With flowers thy curly head around.
And kneeling beside me with figure so quaint,
Oh! who would not dote on my infant saint?

"Beautiful child, what thy fate shall be
Perchance is wisely hidden from me;
A fallen star thou may'st leave my side
And of sorrow become the bride—
Shivering, quivering through the street,
With a curse behind and before thy feet,
Ashamed to live and afraid to die;
No home, no friend, and a pitiless sky,
Merciful Father—my brain grows wild—
Oh! keep from evil my beautiful child!

"Beautiful child, may'st thou soar above,
A warbling cherub of joy and love;
A drop in etern'ty's mighty sea;
A blossom on life's immortal tree—
Floating, flowering evermore
In the blessed light of the golden shore.
And as I gaze on thy sinless bloom
And thy radiant face, they dispel my gloom;
I feel He will keep thee undefiled,
And His love protect my beautiful child."

SPLICED FOR LIFE IN JUST THIRTY SECONDS.—The rapidity with which marriage ties are dissolved is equaled only by the facility with which they are formed. A case of swift marriage occurred at St. Louis recently. William Culp, a young farmer of about twenty-two, living near Bunker Hill, Ill., had won the affections of Melvina Sawyer, a beautiful milkmaid in the same neighborhood; and his parents not fancying his choice, the young people concluded to defy the fates and elope. Taking the midnight train, they arrived at East St. Louis, at which place they met a fisherman, who told them that if they were bent on getting married, Justice Jecko was the man to put them through in the shortest possible time.

They came across a baggage wagon and chartered it for a trip to St. Louis. Arriving on the west side of the river long before office hours, they were driven around town until six o'clock, when they halted up in front of Justice Jecko's. The Justice was enjoying the delights of a morning snooze, but on being aroused came forth in his morning gown and inquired what was the matter.

"Here's a couple of spring chickens that wants to get spliced," answered one of the drivers of the wagon.

The justice looked at the young man, and saw at once that he was from the rural districts. He asked him how old he was, and the bridegroom, rubbing the place where his whiskers ought to be, said he was "plenty old enough to get married."

The bride had on a pair of shoes that resembled the last remains of a camp-meeting, and a bonnet that might have been brought out of Paris in a balloon. Her hair was disarranged, and she looked as though she came out of a hurricane.

"Miss, I think you are too young to get married," suggested the justice.

"No, I ain't; I'm nineteen, and old enough and big enough both."

The young couple were sworn as to their age, and their statements being satisfactory, they were told to stand up. The ceremony was over in half a minute, the baggage men acting as witnesses, and then the happy couple made a bee line for the river, intending to return at once to Bunker Hill. The young man remarked, as he wheeled away, that he "didn't care a darn what the old man might say now, as he got what he came after."

THIRTY bushels of pears were gathered from one tree near Ashland, Ky.

A GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY
Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA
VINEGAR BITTERS

Hundreds of Thousands
Bear testimony to their Wonderful Curative Effects.

WHAT ARE THEY?

They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also, the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver, and all the Visceral Organs.

FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS, whether in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or at the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters have no equal. ☞ Send for a circular.

THEY ARE NOT A VILE
FANCY DRINK,

Made of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the Native Roots and Herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and A LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to direction and remain long unwell.

$100 will be given for an incurable case, provided the bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the Stomach and stimulate the torpid liver and bowels, which render them of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-Worms, Scald-Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effect.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure and the health of the system will follow.

PIN, TAPE and other WORMS, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. For full directions, read carefully the circular around each bottle, printed in four languages—English, German, French and Spanish.

J. WALKER, Proprietor. R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and Gen. Agents, San Francisco, Cal., and 32 and 34 Commerce Street, New York.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

Dr. Crook's WINE of TAR
Established 1862.

A remedy which has been tested for 40 years, and proven by thousands of cases, capable of curing all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs; performing many remarkable cures merits a trial from all who are suffering from similar affections and surely seeking relief. It will not disappoint you. Its timely use may prejudice prevent you from being cured also

Coughs and Colds.—The Druggists say it cures them all
Asthma.—The relief and cures of it are marvelous.
Bronchitis.—Every sufferer will find relief and cure
Throat Ailments require only a few doses.
Lung Diseases.—Has cured cases pronounced incurable
Debility.—It renovates and invigorates the system.
Liver Complaint.—Most effective regulator of this organ
Dyspepsia.—Its healthy action on the stomach cures it.
Appetizer.—It is health-giving and appetite-restoring.
Urinary Organs.—Action on them is marked and prompt

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR is rich in the medicinal qualities of Tar, combined with vegetable ingredients of great value, which make it unsurpassed, not only for the complaints enumerated but it rapidly restores exhausted strength, cleanses the Stomach, relaxes the Liver and puts them to work, causes the food to digest, and makes pure blood, and begets a vivacity appreciated by both sound and sick. If you are afflicted in any way, we know if you try the life-giving tonic properties of Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar, you will add your testimony to its great value in correcting any "ills that flesh is heir to." Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

For Scrofula, Scrofulous Tumors, Scrofulous Diseases of the Eyes, or Scrofula in any form, Fever-sores, Diseases of the Liver, Disease of the Skin, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Tetter, Scald Head, Ulcers, and old Sores, or any disease depending on a depraved condition of the blood, take Dr. Crook's Compound Syrup of Yellow Dock. It is combined with the best tonic preparations of iron known, and is the best Alterative Blood Purifier made. Cleanse your blood. Try one Bottle. Sold by Druggists. Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO., Dayton, O.

EBENSBURG
DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.;

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS,

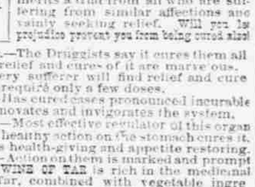
Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY,
July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his PROFESSIONAL services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the FOURTH MONDAY of each month, to remain one week.



Aug 13. SAM'L BELFORD, D. D. S.

DR. H. B. MILLER,
Altoona, Pa.,
Operative and Mechanical DENTIST

Office removed to Virginia street, opposite the Lutheran church. Persons from Cambria county or elsewhere who get work done by me to the amount of Ten Dollars and upwards, will have the railroad fare deducted from their bills. ALL WORK WARRANTED. [Jan. 21, 1869.-tf.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,
tenders his professional services as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrolltown and vicinity. Office in rear of building occupied by J. Buck & Co. as a store. Night calls can be made at his residence, one door south of A. Haug's tin and hardware store. [May 9, 1867.

NORTH-EAST MISSOURI Farms and Unimproved Lands for sale by McNUTT & Moss, Paris, Mo.

Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral,
For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

Among the great discoveries of modern science, few are of more real value to mankind than this effectual remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. A vast trial of its virtues, throughout this and other countries, has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that CHERRY PECTORAL will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of **Consumption**, cured by this preparation, are publicly known, so remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing **Coughs**, the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves unnumbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attack of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at first, but which become incurable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defence; and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, CHERRY PECTORAL is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves, and saved to the love and affection centred on them. It acts speedily and surely against ordinary colds, securing sound and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer troublesome **Influenza** and painful **Bronchitis**, when they know how easily they can be cured.

Originally the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toil is spared in making every bottle in the utmost possible perfection. It may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as memorable as the greatest it has ever effected.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.

Every year increases the popularity of this valuable Hair Preparation; which is due to merit alone. We can assure our old patrons that it is kept fully up to its high standard; and it is the only reliable and perfected preparation for restoring GRAY OR FADED HAIR to its youthful color, making it soft, lustrous, and silken. The scalp, by its use, becomes white and clean. It removes all eruptions and dandruff, and, by its tonic properties, prevents the hair from falling out, as it stimulates and nourishes the hair-glands. By its use, the hair grows thicker and stronger. In baldness, it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, and will create a new growth, except in extreme old age. It is the most economical HAIR DRESSING ever used, as it requires fewer applications, and gives the hair a splendid, glossy appearance. A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicines.
Price One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye
FOR THE WHISKERS.

As our Renewer in many cases requires too long a time, and too much care, to restore gray or faded Whiskers, we have prepared this dye, in *one preparation*; which will quickly and effectually accomplish this result. It is easily applied, and produces a color which will neither rub nor wash off. Sold by all Druggists. Price Fifty Cents.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO.,
NASHUA, N.H.

NATURE'S
HAIR RESTORATIVE
PATENTED.
TRADE MARK.

Contains no LAC SULPHUR—No SUGAR OF LEAD—No LITHARGE—No NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely free from the Poisonous and Health-destroying Drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

Transparent and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric,—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN and EFFICIENT,—desideratums LONG SOUGHT FOR AND FOUND AT LAST!

It restores and prevents the Hair from becoming Gray, imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes Dandruff, is cool and refreshing to the head, checks the Hair from falling off, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents Headache, cures all humors, cutaneous eruptions, and unnatural heat. AS A DRESSING FOR THE HAIR IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE IN THE MARKET.

DR. G. SMITH, Patentee, Ayer, Mass. Prepared only by PROCTOR BROTHERS, Gloucester, Mass. The genuine is put up in a panel bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass. Ask your Druggist for *NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE*, and take no other.

☞ Send two three cent stamps to PROCTER BROTHERS for a "Treatise on the Human Hair." The information it contains is worth $500 to any person.

☞ For sale by LEMMON & MURRAY, Druggists, &c., Ebensburg, Pa. [June 3, '71.-1y.]

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THE "FULTZ" WHEAT.—A correspondent at Tyrone, Pa., writes as follows to the *Country Gentleman* in regard to this new and valuable variety of wheat. This wheat is now largely sown in Mifflin, Juniata, Lancaster, and other counties of the State, and the Agricultural Department has received two hundred bushels for distribution. It is nearly smooth, sparsely bearded, generally very evenly six-rowed, tillers well, the chaff very close and adherent, it is said never to have been affected by smut, the grains short and plump, and of a light dull red or a dark white. A farmer who is well acquainted with it and its history, and who can be implicitly relied on, writes J. K. Barnes, of McVeytown, Pa., kindly sent me an account of its origin and appreciation, from which I am enabled to send you the following statement, nearly in his own words:

Abraham Fultz, the man to whom Providence, we are indebted for the possession of this productive, hardy and weevil proof wheat, is a carpenter, but owns a small mountain farm containing about 80 acres, lying at the foot of Jack's Mountain, in Menno township, Mifflin county, Pa. In the harvest of 1862, while visiting a neighbor, Christian Yoder, his attention was attracted by three beautiful heads of smooth wheat, apparently from the same root, growing among the old Lancaster red. He plucked them off, and saving the grain of the same Fall, he harvested the following year about half-pint. In 1863 his yield was a little more than a basketful; in 1864 he had 19 bushels, and the next year, Christian Detweiler, a neighbor, got a bushel of him and sowed it on the northwest side of an old orchard, which was partly smothered by snow drifts and much shaded by apple trees and vines. It pronounced "hardly worth sowing;" but on being threshed, it yielded much better than the Lancaster Red. So Mr. Detweiler sowed more of it again, about three acres in a sandy field. It stood up beautifully alongside of the Lancaster, and yielded 94 bushels clean from the chaff. David Detweiler sowed 18 bushels of the product, and harvested 300. It became famous among the farmers of Kishacoquillas Valley, in which it originated, and was carried into